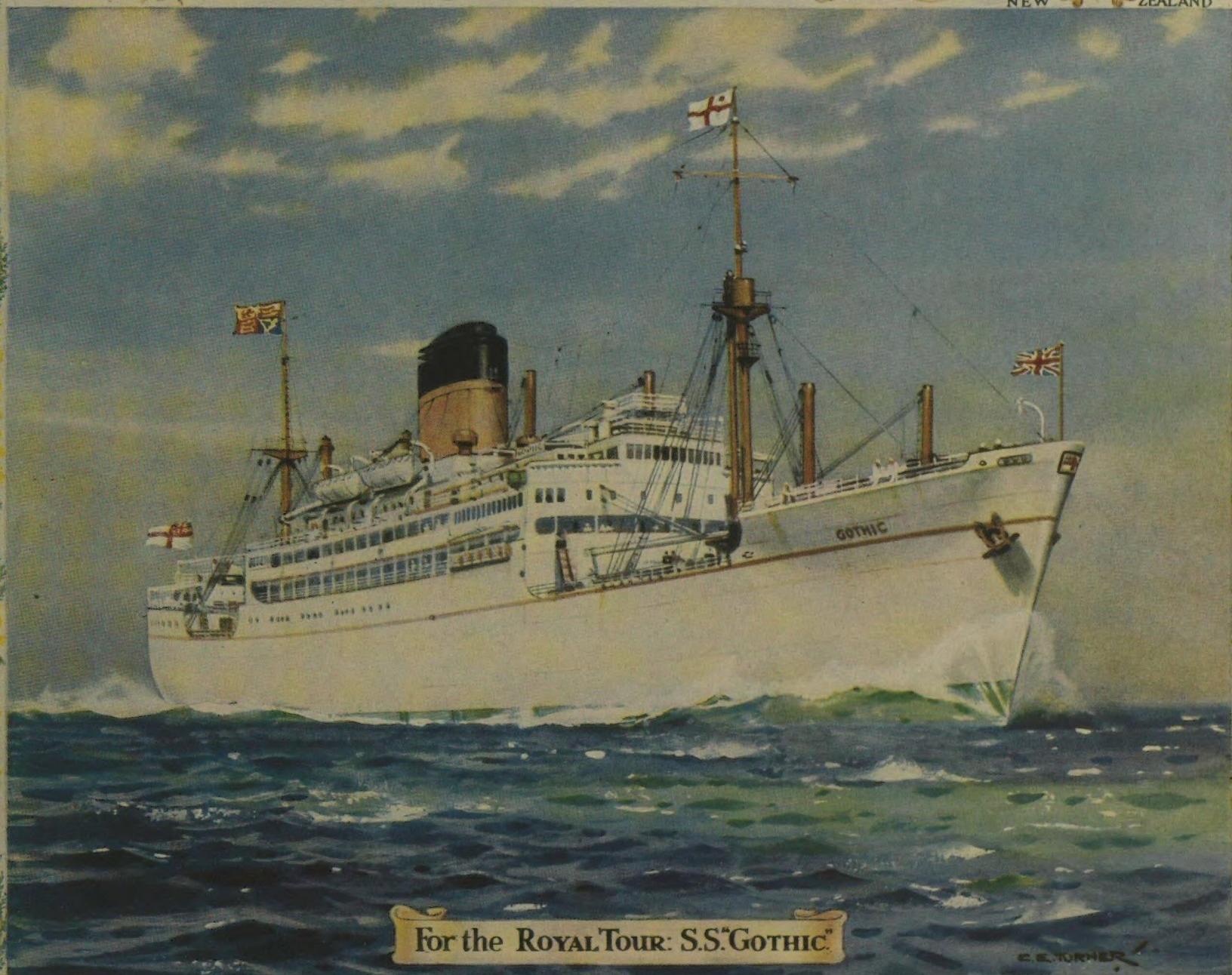


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

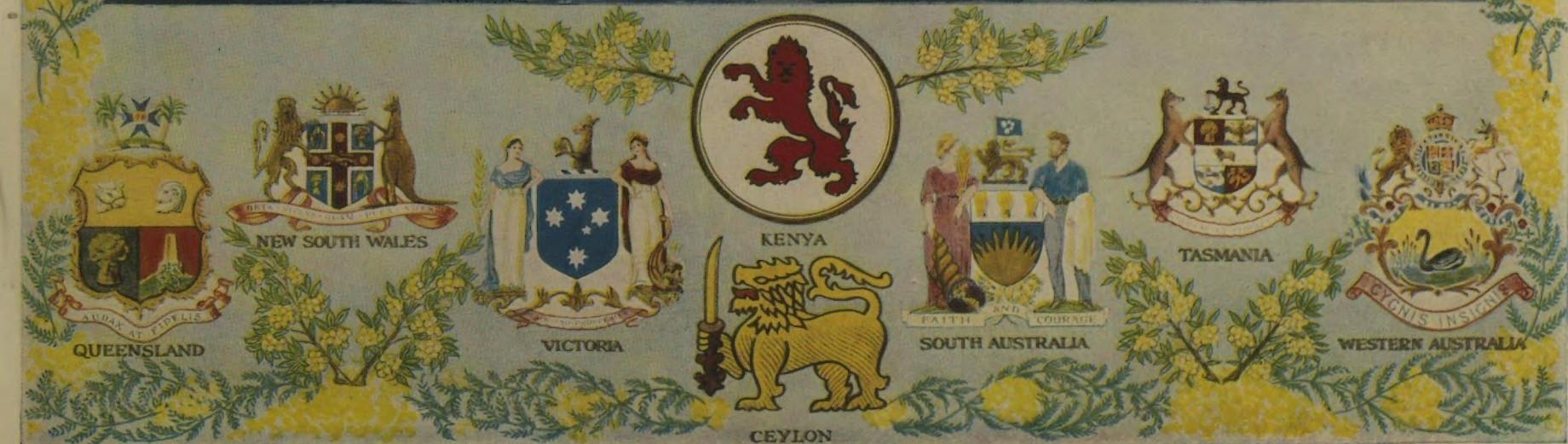


THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA,
NEW ZEALAND, KENYA & CEYLON



For the ROYAL TOUR: S.S."GOTHIC."

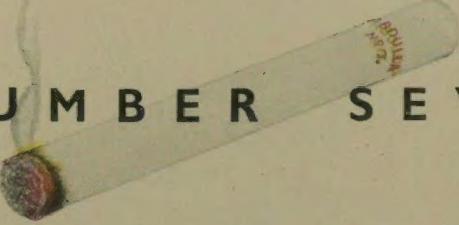
C. E. TURNER





The purr of wheels as the hors d'œuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half-remembered bars of magic from the ballet's pas de deux . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—

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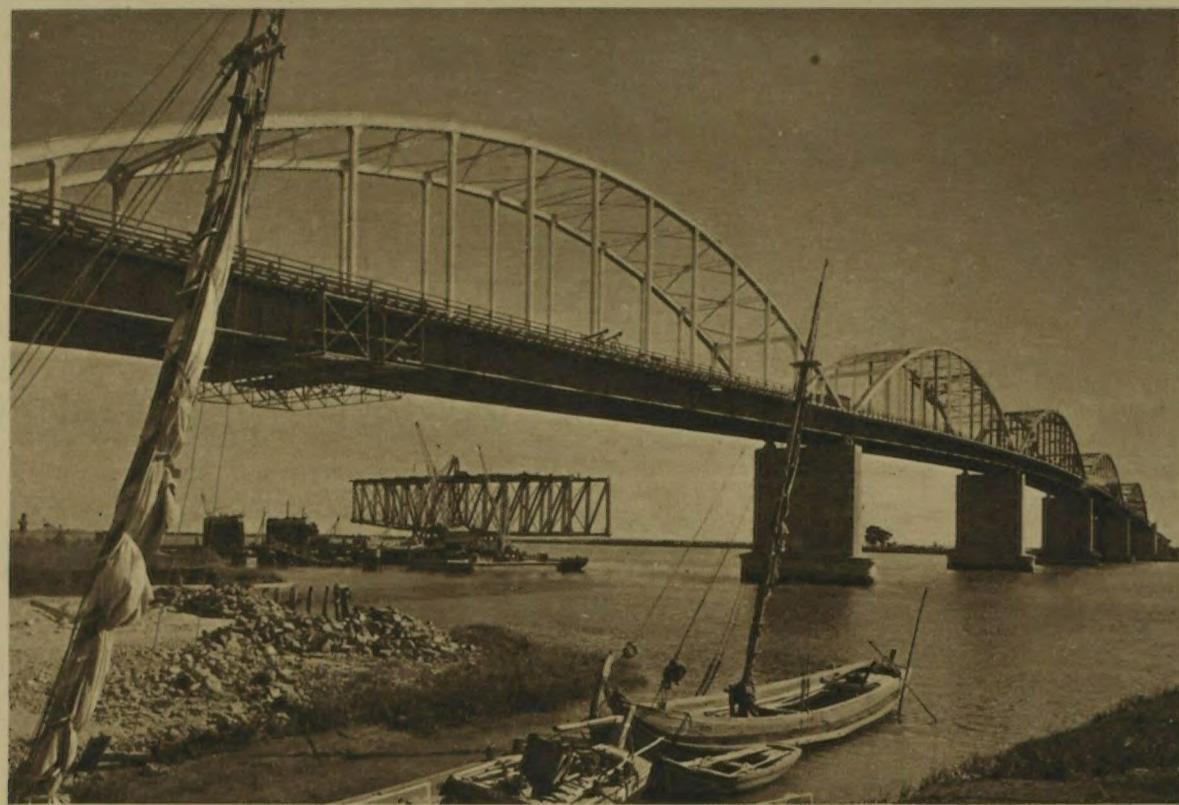
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Their Royal Highnesses
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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
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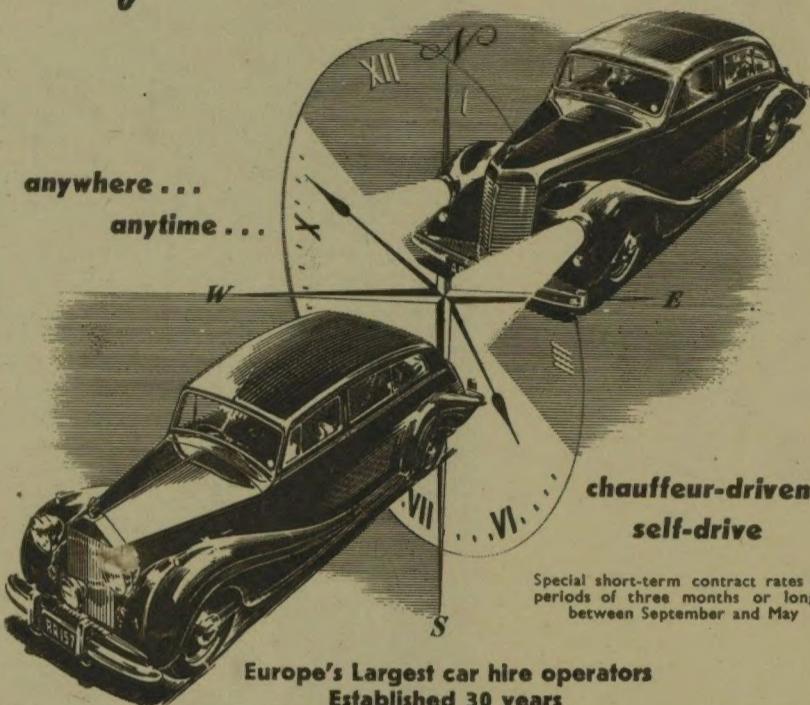
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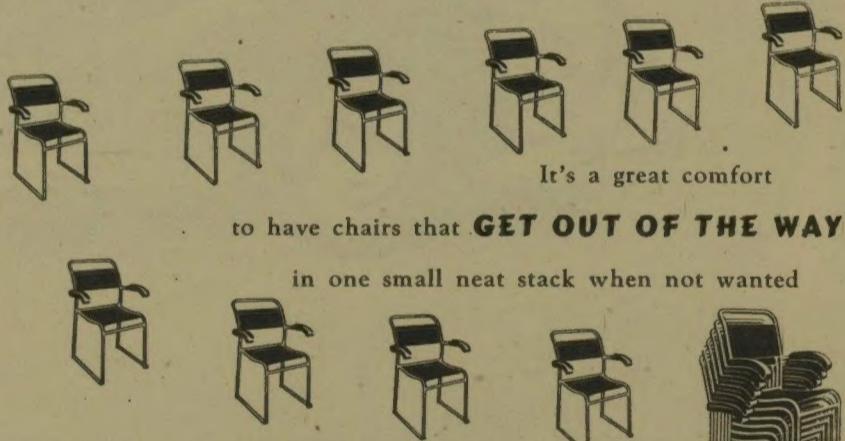
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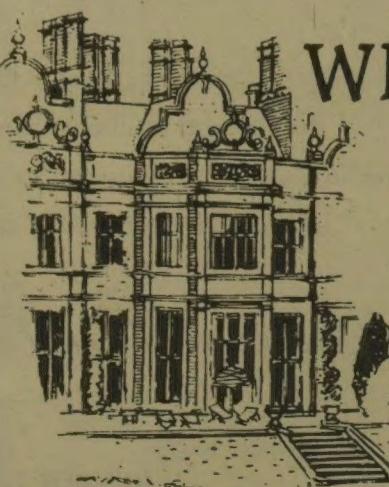
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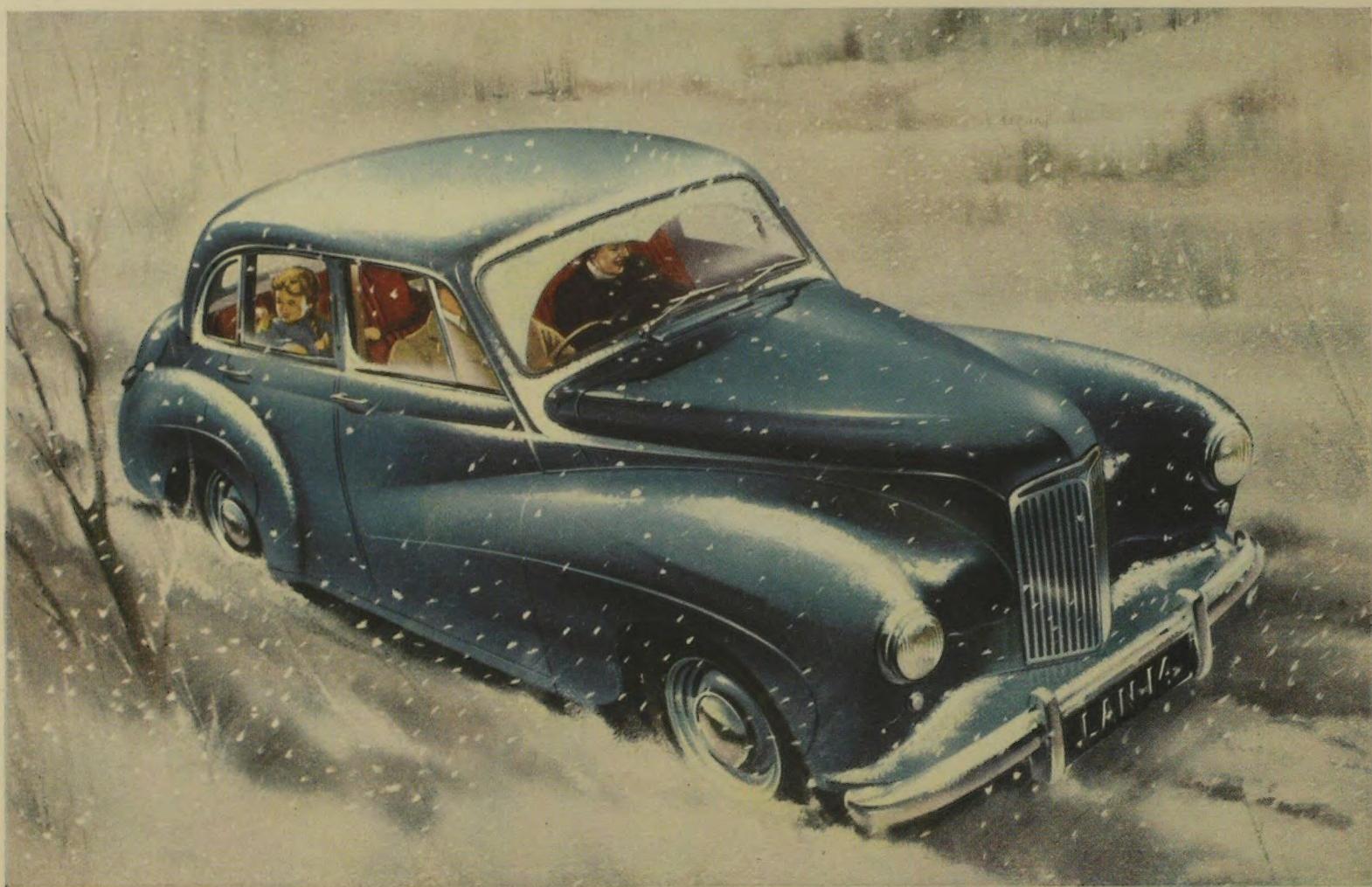
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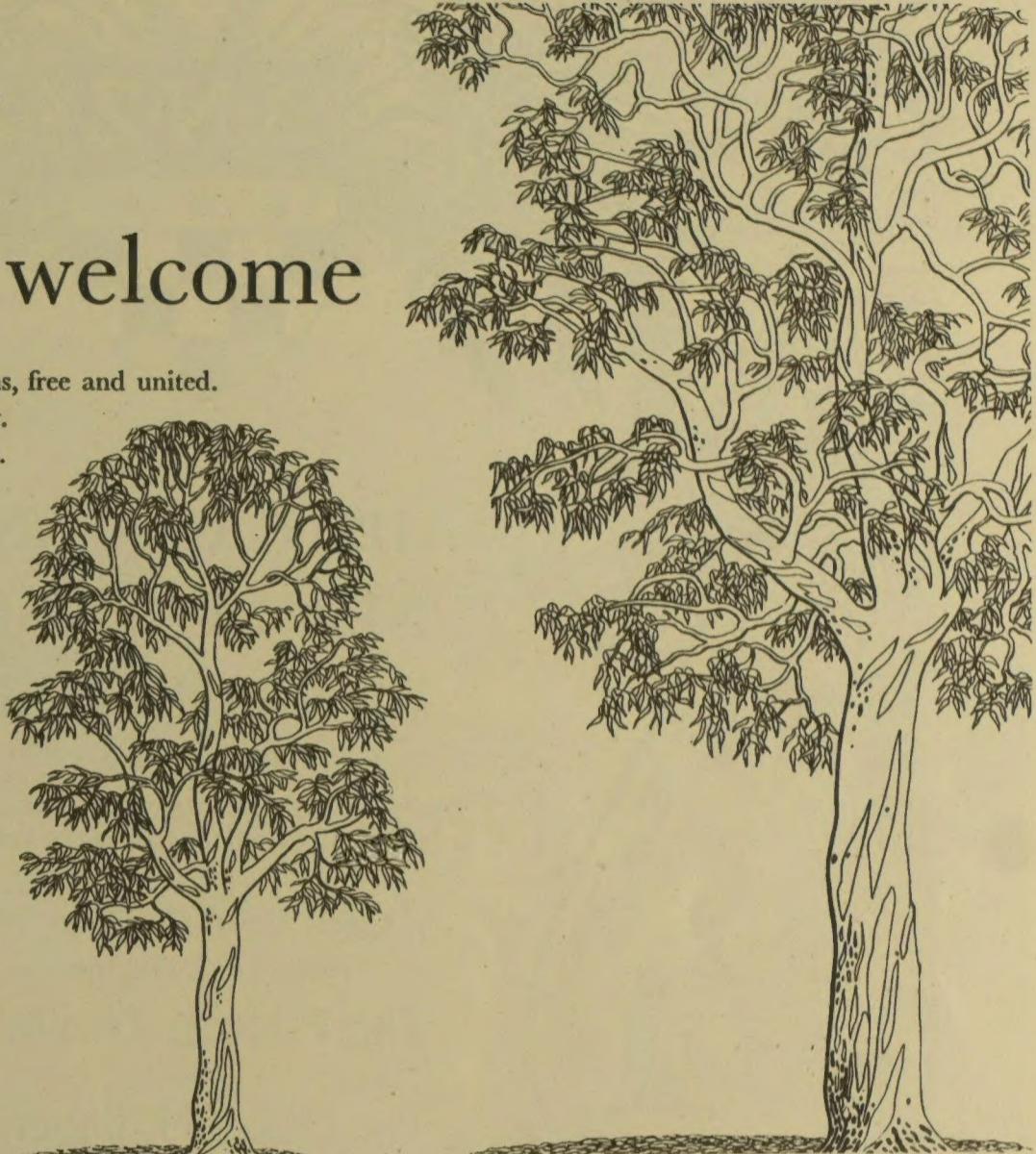


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Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will see a nation young in ideas, vital in freedom, developing in strength and very rich in opportunities.

Australians, in welcoming a charming couple of their own Royal household, will celebrate 1952 as their Royal Year.



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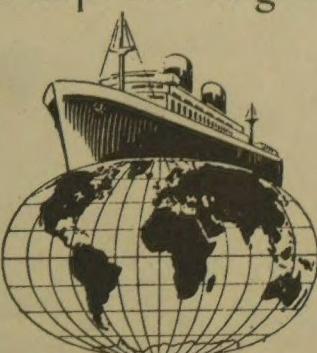


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1952.



(ABOVE.) PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE IN NAIROBI BY AIR ON FEBRUARY 1: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES GREETED BY H.E. THE GOVERNOR.
(BELOW.) AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME FROM EUROPEAN AND AFRICAN RESIDENTS IN NAIROBI: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE IN KENYA: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' ARRIVAL AND DRIVE THROUGH NAIROBI.

T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh reached Nairobi airport on February 1, after their all-night flight. Our photograph shows the Princess, wearing a hyacinth-blue silk dress with white polka dots, shaking hands with the Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell. The Duke of Edinburgh, in white naval

uniform, with the Ribbon of the Order of the Garter, is behind her. After the representatives of the three Services (behind the Governor) had been presented, the Princess went up to the saluting-base. Later the Royal visitors drove to Government House calling en route at the Pumwani African Maternity Hospital.

THE ROYAL TOUR: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN NAIROBI.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE KENYA REGIMENT ON FEBRUARY 2: PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THAT FINE REGIMENT, FORMED 1937.



AT NAIROBI AIRPORT: THE DUKE SHAKING HANDS WITH THE STEWARDESS OF THE B.O.A.C. CREW WHICH TOOK OVER AT EL ADEM. THE GOVERNOR IS BEHIND, AND THE PRINCESS, LEFT.



THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI, ON FEBRUARY 1: FORMAL PRESENTATIONS BEING MADE TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE ROYAL VISITORS ARRIVING AT NAIROBI CATHEDRAL ON FEBRUARY 2: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IS BEING GREETED BY THE ARCHDEACON.



RECEIVING THE KEY OF SAGANA ROYAL LODGE AND THE TITLE-DEEDS FROM MR. W. K. HORNE, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT).

The Princess and the Duke fulfilled many engagements during their short stay in Nairobi. On February 1, the day of their arrival in the B.O.A.C. Argonaut *Atalanta*, they attended a garden-party in the grounds of Government House, at which numerous presentations of leading figures in Kenya Colony were made. The Princess wore an exceedingly pretty dress of mauve organza over a darker mauve slip printed with white flowers, and a straw hat to match. One of the events of the afternoon was the presentation by the Speaker of the Legislative Council of the key and title-deeds of Sagana Royal Lodge, the hunting lodge



AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY: THE WIFE OF A PROMINENT AFRICAN OFFICIAL BEING PRESENTED TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES. THERE WERE 2800 GUESTS AT THE GATHERING.

which formed Kenya Government's wedding gift. On February 2 the Royal visitors' engagements included a call at Nairobi Cathedral. They separated to visit different hospitals, then meeting again for the opening by the Princess of The Kenya Regiment's new headquarters. It will be remembered that the foundation-stone of this building was laid by the Duke of Gloucester when he visited Nairobi during the Charter celebrations, 1950. In spite of the heat and strong sun, the Princess wore a hat with the brim swept off the face and did not avail herself of the protection of sun-glasses in order that people might see her.

THE ROYAL TOUR: CHARMING OCCASIONS OF THE PRINCESS'S STAY IN NAIROBI.



WAVING FROM THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL, NAIROBI, WHERE THEY ATTENDED A CIVIC RECEPTION ON FEBRUARY 2: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS VISITS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH HOSPITAL FOR EUROPEANS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH ACCEPTING A BOUQUET ON HER ARRIVAL.



AT THE AFRICAN MATERNITY HOSPITAL: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE MOTHER OF PRINCE SALEM (LEFT), THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS THEN TOO SHY TO LOOK AT HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

A charming episode took place during the first day of Princess Elizabeth's visit to Nairobi. It had been arranged that Prince Salem, a little African boy born on the same day as Prince Charles, should present the Princess with a bouquet on her arrival at the Maternity Hospital for Africans, Pumwani. At rehearsals, he had played his part perfectly, but when the day came he was so overcome with the greatness of the occasion that he failed to hand over the bouquet. The Princess stooped and tried to coax him to hand it to her, but when she saw she was not going to be given the flowers she gently took them from him. Prince then gazed up at the beautiful lady and was not at all anxious to



TRYING TO COAX THE LITTLE AFRICAN BOY PRINCE SALEM TO GIVE HER THE BOUQUET: PRINCESS ELIZABETH. THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF NAIROBI AND THE DUKE ARE WATCHING WITH AMUSEMENT.



AFTER HAVING ALLOWED HER ROYAL HIGHNESS TO TAKE HER BOUQUET: LITTLE PRINCE SALEM, WHO WAS THEN ANXIOUS TO REMAIN AT THE PRINCESS'S SIDE.

leave her side. Later the Princess met Prince's mother in the hospital where she had just had another baby. Prince was with her, but was too shy to raise his head. Her Royal Highness also visited the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Europeans, and she and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a civic reception at the Town Hall, one of the finest buildings in Nairobi. They accepted gifts for themselves and their children, and in a graceful speech the Princess said how much she and the Duke were looking forward to their visit to Sagana Royal Lodge, Kenya's wedding gift to them, and how greatly they appreciated it. They arrived at Sagana on February 3.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

PRIMUS IN INDIS—"First in India"—the officers and men of the Dorset Regiment, or "Green Linnets," have written their homely name in letters of service and sacrifice across the history not only of Britain but of the world. Two-hundred-and-fifty years ago this February, Colonel Richard Coote's Regiment of Foot—later the 39th of Foot and, since the Cardwell Act, the 1st Battalion The Dorset Regiment—was raised in Ireland as part of the great reinforcement for the standing, or regular, Army, still an innovation for suspicious, liberty-loving Englishmen, made necessary by the War of the Spanish Succession and the threat to the liberties of Europe and our Protestant settlement from the swollen power of France and the *Grande Monarque*. In that war the Regiment played its part in Portugal, anticipating by a century its later and more famous exploits in the Peninsula. Fifty years later its disciplined infantry were Clive's principal instrument in the most astonishing victory in our military history—Plassey—when 1000 Britons and a slightly larger number of Sepoys in the employment of the East India Trading Company defeated an Indian army of nearly 70,000 men. Even the miracle of Agincourt paled into insignificance compared with this amazing feat. The only parallel to it in our military annals of which I can think are the victories which General "Dick" O'Connor—the most modest and least known of our living great commanders—won in the Western Desert over Mussolini's legions in the winter of 1940-41. A quarter of a century later the 39th took part in an almost equally memorable exploit—the four years' defence of Gibraltar, in memory of which its officers and men bear the proud badge of the Key and Castle on their caps. It thus, within a generation, both laid the foundations of British rule in India and of the *Pax Britannica* which the British Indian Army was to preserve for two centuries through southern and eastern Asia, and helped to secure the most vital point on the communications on which British India and the British Empire depended.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the 39th acquired its existing territorial connection with the County of Dorset. Under its present, but then still alternative nomenclature, it fought in the Peninsular War, taking part in most of the principal engagements, including the bloodiest of all English infantry engagements, Albuera. Later it served in India and the Crimea, and during the 1914-18 War at Mons, Ypres, in Mesopotamia and Gallipoli, on the Somme and in the memorable series of battles when Douglas Haig, commanding the greatest British military force of all time, broke and defeated the German Imperial Army. In the last war its record was equally distinguished—Malta, the Sicilian landings, the Etna line and the D-day landings, when the 1st Dorsets were in the earliest wave of the assault, while other battalions of the Regiment fought with high distinction at Dunkirk, in Burma and in Germany.

What seems to me almost equally moving in this great Regiment's record is the way that it, and its brother regiments of the British Line of Infantry—each of them with a history worthy of the Iliad or the Norse Sagas—are rooted in the soil and county traditions of England. This one is rooted in that of Dorset, and because I have had affiliations with that county for so much of my life, I cannot refrain from writing about it this week, when seven of our noble county Regiments celebrate their birth. Dear pastoral shire, so beautiful and superficially welcoming, yet under the surface so rugged, unyielding and hard to know! On a sunny August day, the road from Wareham to Swanage is like Kensington High Street on the opening day of an Olympia show, with cars and charabancs moving in a continuous and unpassable line in both directions, while the large, friendly, good-humoured and somewhat vacant face of British urban democracy, incongruously mounted, regardless of sex, on rather spindly supports, mostly encased in bulging, skin-tight khaki shorts, stares, uncomprehending but kindly, from the cafés and crowded, worn stone pavements of Corfe. Yet a day or two later the rain out of the west will be pouring pitilessly on the massive stone roofs of the little town, lashing the Frome to sudden fury and driving like the hail of a thousand machine-guns round the gaunt, riding tower of airy Kingston. Dorset in winter—and in summer, too—can be a harsh, unfriendly place, with fields dank and streaked with

water cupped in cold, stubborn clay, and brown, bleak hills with as stony an aspect as their soil. Its people, who welcome strangers with a courtesy that conceals, for the duration of a summer's holiday, a deep, centuries-old reserve; are as austere at heart as their land. Devon, glorious Devon, with her red, picture-postcard soil, and clotted cream, may wear her honest patriot heart on her sleeve, and Sussex may gambol lightly round the municipal bandstand by the sea; but Dorset is not like that. Her coast, festive "Budmouth Regis" apart, has an unobtrusive but grim reputation for wrecking ships and drowning men; beyond the ilex-shaded garden where I write, the wild moor stretches across a brambly mile to where, under dark, fox-riddled, adder-haunted cliffs, the Channel swell grinds ceaselessly, summer and winter, on the treacherous teeth of the Kimmeridge Ridges. From Old Harry to Deadman's Bay there is no break in the iron, inhospitable line of defences which East Dorset presents to foreign invaders. It needed no Home Guard—though there was one, most vigilant and resolute—to keep Hitler from making his landfall under St. Adhelm's Head or murderous Gad Cliff. It was not Jem Purchass's pike and beacon fire that kept out "Bony," though had he or his twentieth-century successor landed on some more sheltered coast and crossed Dorset's borders—travelling, no doubt, like the summer charabancs, on the broad highway from County Gates to the level-crossing at Wareham—they would have received as uncompromising a welcome from the county's dark, gnarled quizzical sons as from her cliffs. "Who's afraid?" From proud Paladore to the southernmost rock of convict-haunted Portland, everyone in the West knows the answer.

Yet out of the strong came forth sweetness; out of the rock where the wild bees guard their secret store, sweetness. The smooth, black, polished pillars that support Salisbury's glorious nave and soaring spire sprang from the storm-battered rocks of stony Purbeck; and when Londoners raise their eyes to St. Paul's glorious dome communing with the clouds they see, towering from earth to heaven, the white circular cliffs which Wren's genius fashioned out of the quarries of Portland. The child's instinct that close on half-a-century ago made Dorset its inner shrine was not at fault; it has its peers among England's lovely shires, but no superior. And beautiful though Dorset is, noble her green and tawny hills and fantastic cliffs, lovely her lush valleys of Stour and Frome, serene her exquisite hidden manor-houses—



HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WHO DIED IN HIS SLEEP AT SANDRINGHAM ON FEBRUARY 6.

H.M. King George VI—on whom an operation for lung resection was carried out on September 23 last year—died in his sleep at Sandringham early in the morning of February 6. His Majesty had retired for the night in his usual health, and his death was unexpected. This special number of *The Illustrated London News* was planned to commemorate the Royal tour of Australasia, and had gone to press when the announcement of his Majesty's death was made, and no alteration in the remainder of the contents was possible. The tour has now been cancelled and so this number records the programme which now unhappily must be abandoned. We take this opportunity of voicing our deep sorrow and our loyal sympathy with the Queen and all the Royal family, and most particularly with Princess Elizabeth, who now takes up the heavy responsibilities to which her destiny has called her. King George VI was born in 1895, and ascended the Throne on December 11, 1936.

proud Athelhampton and lordly Criche, Bingtons Melcombe and little Pucknowle, Creech with her peacocks and sea-mist haunted Smedmore with her ilexes and rose-stone walls, Cranborne, Chantmarle, Chettle, Steepleton, Kingston Russell, broad-parked Charlborough and eagled Mapperton, loveliest of them all—the crowning glory of Dorset are her sons and daughters. They make small concession to fashion or time, set more store on the market prices at Dorchester and Sherborne, Wimborne and Sturminster than on the doings of Washington or Moscow and regard the Hardy monument on Blackdown Hill as a grander landmark than the Great Pyramid, and the Pitt Rivers Museum at Farnham as the equal, as in its modest way it is, of the British Museum or the Library of Congress. So let Dorset's own poet have the last word: the poet who loved and understood her people:

We Do'set, though we mid be
 hwomely.
Be'nt asheam'd to own our please;
An' we've zome women not uncomely;
Nor asheam'd to show their feace:
We've a mead or two wo'th mowen,
We've an ox or two wo'th shonen,
 In the village,
 At the tillage,
Come along an' you shall vind
That Do'set men don't sheame their
 kind. . . .

... If you do zee our good men travel,
Down a-voot, or on their meares,

Along the winden leanes o' gravel,
To the markets or the feairs,—
Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged,
Though the men be muddy-lagged,
 Be they roughish,
 Be they gruffish,
They be sound, an' they will stand
By what is right, wi' heart an' hand.
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters,
 brothers,
Happy, happy, be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gi'e woone cheer;
D'y'e hear? woone cheer! *

ARAB NATIONALISM IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA: THE TUNISIAN DISORDERS.



A FRENCH TANK MOVING THROUGH A VILLAGE IN THE CAP BON AREA OF TUNISIA AFTER MARTIAL LAW HAD BEEN PROCLAIMED AS A RESULT OF THE DISORDERS.



TUNISIAN SABOTAGE: PLAIN-CLOTHES SECURITY POLICE IN THE CAP BON AREA EXAMINING A SABOTAGED BRIDGE DURING RECENT TUNISIAN DISORDERS.



THE NOMINAL RULER OF TUNISIA: THE SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD BEY OF TUNIS, SIDI MOHAMMED AL-AMIN, A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



THE LEADER OF THE TUNISIAN NEO-DESTOURIAN PARTY, WHICH SEEKS COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE FROM FRANCE, M. HABIB BOURGUIBA—CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS.



TROOPS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION'S THIRD PARATROOP BATTALION ROUNDING UP ARABS AT KELIBIA, IN TUNIS, DURING A SEARCH FOR NATIONALIST AGITATORS.

In November and December Tunisian protests against the slow progress of the conversations in Paris about the future status of Tunisia and its form of government began to take shape. On November 29 there was a one-day general strike called by the Neo-Destourian Party, led by M. Habib Bourguiba; and on December 16 Tunisian claims for self-government were rebuffed by the French. On January 13 Tunisian claims for autonomy were pressed, and on January 14



SPAHIS, RECENTLY ARRIVED IN TUNISIA, TO ENFORCE ORDER AND QUELL NATIONALIST DISORDERS, RIDING ALONG A ROAD. THEY NO LONGER WEAR THEIR PICTURESQUE UNIFORM.

a complaint by Tunisia was laid against France at the United Nations. On January 17 armed clashes took place at Bizerta, and on January 22 at Sousse, where a French colonel was killed. On January 18, Nationalist and Communist leaders were arrested, a general strike began and during the period January 20-23 rioting was sporadic. Extra French troops were sent to Tunisia and with the tension apparently eased, negotiations for resuming talks were in progress.

**THE CAIRO RIOTS: THE MURDER, DESTRUCTION
AND RUIN OF TWELVE HOURS' MOB RULE.**



SMOKE RISING OVER CAIRO AFTER THE CENTRE OF THE CITY HAD BEEN AT THE MERCY OF A SAVAGE, MURDERING AND DESTROYING MOB FOR THE SPACE OF TWELVE HOURS.



AS THOUGH CAIRO HAD SUFFERED AN ALL-OUT AERIAL BOMBARDMENT: DESTRUCTION BY THE MOB IN KASR EL NIL STREET, NOT FAR FROM THE ABDIN PALACE.



RUINED BUILDINGS, FIRED AND LOOTED BY THE MOB, IN FUAD EL-AWAL STREET, ONE OF CAIRO'S MAIN SHOPPING CENTRES, NOT FAR FROM THE RUINED TURF CLUB.

On January 26, the day after the British seizure of the Egyptian police headquarters in Ismailia (reported in our last issue), savage and destructive riots broke out in Cairo, and for twelve hours that city was at the mercy of a murdering, looting and destructive mob. Against this mob the police took little action and in some cases seem to have condoned its actions; order was only restored by the arrival of the Egyptian Army and the immediate result was the dismissal by King Farouk of the Premier, Nahas Pasha. The riots have been described as having



RESTAURANTS AND BARS IN THE EUROPEAN OR AMERICAN STYLE WERE ESPECIALLY OBJECTS OF THE MOB'S FURY, AS IS SHOWN BY THIS SCENE IN SOLIMAN PASHA STREET.

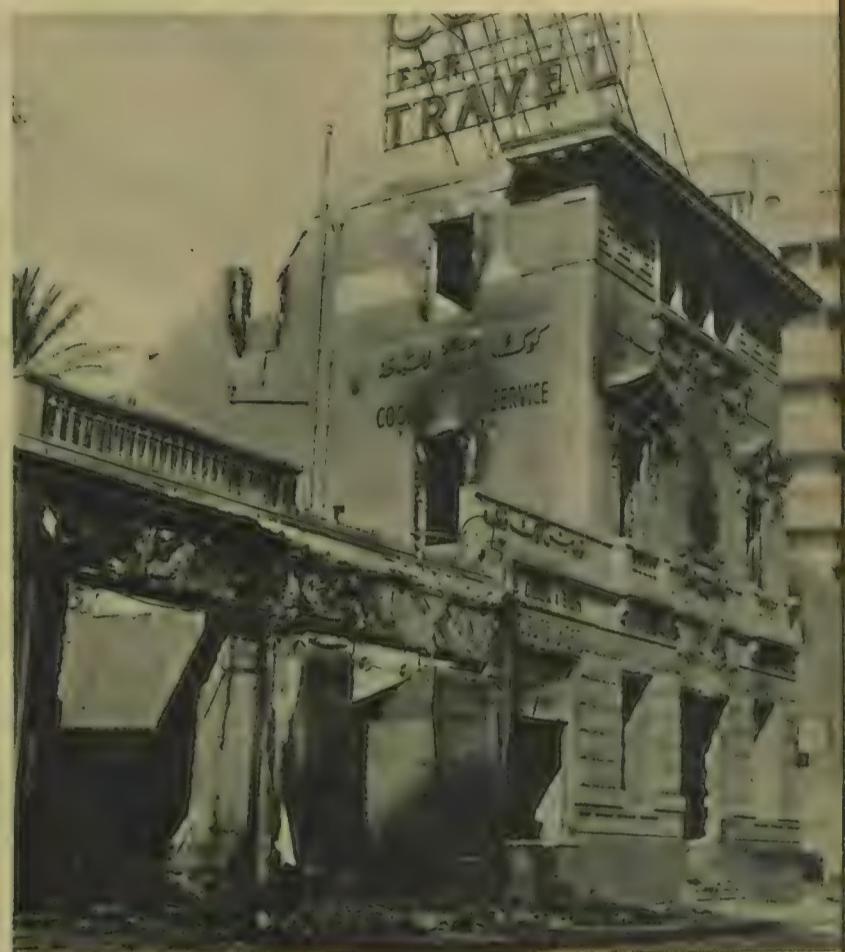
the dimensions of a popular rising, well organised and ruthlessly led. British business premises were the chief objects of attack, but in the later stages the maddened mob ceased to distinguish between nationalities. The famous Shepheard's Hotel was attacked, set on fire and left a mere pile of ruins. The Turf Club was the object of a murderous attack. It is believed that here eleven British residents lost their lives and numerous atrocities were committed. The interior of Barclay's Bank was wrecked. The offices of B.O.A.C. and Thomas Cook and Son

[Continued opposite.]

WHERE 17 BRITONS WERE MURDERED AND £50,000,000's WORTH OF DAMAGE DONE.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS HOTELS: SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, AFTER THE FEROCIOUS TWELVE-HOUR-LONG RIOTING OF JANUARY 26, IN WHICH BRITISH RESIDENTS WERE MURDERED BY THE MOB.



THE OFFICES OF THOMAS COOK AND SON IN IBRAHIM PASHA STREET, CAIRO, GUTTED BY FIRE IN A DAY'S PLANNED LOOTING, DESTRUCTION AND MURDER BY A CAIRO MOB, WHICH WAS ONLY BROUGHT TO AN END BY THE ARMY.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DESTRUCTION IN IBRAHIM PASHA STREET, CAIRO, SHOWING THE RUINS OF A TRAVEL AGENCY: ALL PREMISES OWNED BY OR ASSOCIATED WITH BRITONS WERE THE OBJECTS OF ATTACK.

Continued. The British Institute and the offices of the British Council were sacked. Cinemas and restaurants were attacked and demolished; luxury shops were looted; and in motor salerooms new cars, especially those of British make, were pushed into the street and set on fire. The number of British subjects murdered was thought at the time of writing to be about seventeen; the loss to British capital to be about £5,000,000, while the total damage, mainly, of course, to



WRECKAGE OUTSIDE THE LOOTED METRO CINEMA IN SOLIMAN PASHA STREET: THE BRITISH-OWNED RIVOLI CINEMA WAS ALSO THE OBJECT OF A SAVAGE ATTACK, THE MANAGER ONLY ESCAPING AFTER THREE HOURS.

Egyptian-owned property, was estimated at over £20,000,000 and probably as much as £50,000,000. About 25,000 people were thrown out of work as a result of the destruction. The disorders are believed to have been organised by extreme Left-Wing organisations, taking advantage of current anti-British feeling and to have been designed as an insurrection which was only nipped in the bud by the arrival of the Army. More than 800 arrests were made by the Egyptian police.

GREEK VIEWS ON FIVE FUNDAMENTAL MATTERS.

"GOD, MAN AND STATE: GREEK CONCEPTS"; By KATHLEEN FREEMAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book reviewed here.

DR. KATHLEEN FREEMAN is one of those scholars—never too numerous in the academic worlds, scientific or otherwise—who have the inclination and ability, and can find the time, to interpret the knowledge of the learned to a wider public. One of her books was called: "It Has All Happened Before." This book might well have had the same title. "The Greeks Had a Word for It" was the name of a play which at one time held the stage. The Greeks, in fact, had a word for everything.

"The purpose of this book," she says, in her introduction, "is to present in non-technical language, for ordinary intelligent men and women, what the Greeks said about five fundamental matters with which modern thought is much preoccupied, and over which modern theory is often wildly astray, namely, God, Man, Society, Education and Law. Because of a lack of knowledge of the history of thought, views are still put forward as new and workable which were exhaustively discussed and closely examined over two thousand years ago by some of the acutest minds the world has ever produced. It is a pity that this knowledge should be the prerogative of a few, and should be left unexplored by anybody interested—and what man of goodwill is not?—in the destiny of the human race. At least let our theorists start from a basis of what is known already, and not waste their energy 'inventing' what was *vieux jeu* in Plato's day! They remind one of the man brought up on a desert island, whose forbears had been living there isolated for centuries; the man was a genius, and in due course, with the materials at his disposal, he invented a nut-cracker. He was rescued and he reached the civilised world eager to exhibit and reap credit for his invention, only to find that it had long been in everyday use."

In other words, "*plus ça change.*" But one can hardly say that about "God," who is one of Dr. Freeman's five "fundamental matters." I have often wondered what would have happened to Socrates, Plato and Aristotle had they lived after, and not before, the Christian revelation, with all the evidence which is before us. I have never had any doubt that all three of them would have been "doctors and saints" in the Christian Church; Socrates perhaps a martyr, Plato another St. Thomas More, and Aristotle a sturdy collaborator of St. Thomas Aquinas. Their fortune was otherwise. They had no revealed religion. They inherited rituals and tribal legends; but as for creeds, they had to grope towards creeds, each man in his own way. A Canon of St. Paul's (and goodness knows what next is going to be proclaimed by priests of our mother church) has recently been reported as saying that it is shameful that people should be asked to accept Creeds in order to be members of the Church of England. G. K. Chesterton ironically foresaw this when he wrote his lines:

There is more faith in honest doubt
(As Tennyson has pointed out)
Than in those nasty Creeds.

But what does "Credo" mean? It means only "I believe." If we have no beliefs and share no beliefs, why on earth have a Church? Ancient Athenians were groping towards a Church when they erected an altar "to the Unknown God"; those who set it up could at least have started their Creed with "I believe in the Unknown God." Many of the ancient philosophers with whom Dr. Freeman deals would have worshipped at that altar: they were guided by a light within, and confirmed by reason. But they lacked a revelation. Some of them were content to be agnostics; some were (and we still know them) determined materialists, saying, with the Psalmist's fool, "There is no God"; and some contented themselves with denouncing the primeval deities whom they inherited from the folk-poems of Homer and Hesiod. One even cantankerously remarked: "If I met Aphrodite I should shoot her"—which would certainly have got him blackballed in any decent club.

Dr. Freeman certainly took on a formidable job

it means government by whichever of two rival parties can obtain a small majority of seats (not necessarily involving a majority of votes) in constituencies in which every man and woman has a vote. The Greeks would have understood the Kremlin system. They saw, and Aristotle formulated, an endless rotation (for the human race turns uneasily from side to side—even here from party to party) between the rules of the one, the few and the many, and the Kremlin

would have been deemed by them an oligarchy—certainly not an aristocracy. But our so-called democracy would to any Greek philosopher have seemed lunacy.

Apart from all else, they all believed in people being trained for public affairs. And even those who called themselves democrats would certainly have drawn their skirts aside had they seen the British electorate queuing up at the polling stations. Athens was a democracy; every citizen had a vote, and the officers were drawn by lot—except when urgency demanded a Pericles, who was to all intents and purposes a dictator. But the women had no votes; and, as is seldom remembered by our modern tub-thumpers, there were seven slaves to every free man, the slaves did the manual work, and the slaves had no votes.

I am not suggesting that that system should be adopted here. I am rather of Pope's opinion:

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

But a knowledge of ancient speculations and experiment should be recommended to all who are inclined to make suggestions as to the way in which countries should be run to-day. Those, like myself, who regret the dwindling study of "the classics" in our schools are not lamenting the loss of acquaintance with "two dead languages": they are sorry for the diminishing acquaintance with two worlds of speculation and experiment, which put Greece and Rome (and Rome, intellectually, was the child of Greece) poles apart from Babylon and Egypt. Had Dr. Freeman a mind to it I think she could compile a handy dictionary of religious and political theories (for every modern religious fantasy has a heresy behind it) in which anybody could look up any conjecture he makes about these matters, find out who, of old, shared his views, and, if the views were put into practice, what was the result.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 228 of this issue.



DR. KATHLEEN FREEMAN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Freeman is chairman of the Philosophical Society of England. She was formerly Lecturer in Greek at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Her classical studies include: "The Murder of Herodes and other Trials from the Athenian Law Courts"; "The Greek Way," and a new translation of "The Philocletes of Sophocles." Dr. Freeman, writing in the name of "Mary Pitt," has a considerable reputation as a crime and mystery novelist.



"CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (c. 1530-1569), WHICH ON FEBRUARY 1 AT CHRISTIE'S SET UP AN ENGLISH AUCTION RECORD FOR A PAINTING BY THIS ARTIST. (In grisaille, on panel.) (9 by 13 ins.)

"Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery," by Pieter Brueghel, the Elder (c. 1530-1569), was sold on February 1 at Christie's for the sum of 10,500 guineas to Dr. A. Scharf, acting on behalf of a friend. This sets up an English record for a painting by this artist. The work, which is signed and dated 1565, is painted in grisaille on a panel 9 by 13 ins. In the Lady Hampden sale at Christie's in 1834, it fetched 10 guineas. The owner, who sold it on February 1, inherited the painting from his grandfather, and did not regard it as of any particular interest. Recently, however, he decided to have the picture cleaned, when the signature and date were revealed. Realising then that it was a work of some importance, he sent it to Christie's, but the large sum which it realised was a surprise to him, and indeed to the auctioneer, Sir Alec Martin, also. The highest price paid previously at an auction in this country for a painting by Brueghel, the Elder was 7800 guineas given in July, 1939, for "A Hilly River Scene with the Flight into Egypt," a work measuring 15 by 22 ins.

when she attempted to summarise in one volume the views of the chief Greek philosophers on her five fundamental themes. Edward Caird, in his "Evolution of Religion in the Greek Philosophers," knew himself to be sketchy, when, in two large volumes, and omitting many an important name, he tried to summarise the conjectures of the Greeks in one only of Dr. Freeman's five compartments. She, compelled to a far more stringent compression, can do little more than briefly indicate the views of a hundred thinkers and tempt the reader (as tempt she will, for she is never dull) to explore further in whatever direction interests him most. And, at the moment, her most salutary chapters are those which deal with politics. Regarding religion, the Greeks were not in our position; but (provided theocracy is ruled out) as concerns political fabrics, they were precisely where we are; and they tried everything.

Not quite everything: almost everything. The word "democracy" is boomed into our ears from all sides: even the Kremlin talks about "people's democracies"; and it doesn't mean the same thing on all lips. Verbally it means "government by the people." In Russia it means government by a small gang in the Kremlin in the name of a "proletariat" which is a small minority of workers. In this country

THE ROYAL TOUR: SCENES IN CEYLON,
WHERE T.R.H. ARE TO SPEND A WEEK.



ON THE BANKS OF A SMALL ARTIFICIAL LAKE OVERHUNG ON ALL SIDES BY HILLS:
KANDY, WHICH WAS THE CAPITAL OF CEYLON FROM 1592 TO 1815.



STANDING WITH ITS BACK AGAINST A WOODED HILL: THE DALADA MALIGAWA, OR
"TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH," IN KANDY, SHOWING THE OCTAGON IN THE FOREGROUND.



WHERE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES HAVE ARRANGED TO ATTEND A GARDEN-PARTY ON
FEBRUARY 15: "TEMPLE TREES," IN COLOMBO, THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.



TRANSFERRED FROM COLOMBO: PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CEYLON AT PERADENIYA,
WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS ARRANGED TO OPEN ON FEBRUARY 19.

C'YTHON, which has been described as "the pearl of the East" and is one of the loveliest islands in the world, will be visited by T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their outward journey to Australia and New Zealand. Their Royal Highnesses were due to leave Mombasa on February 7 in the liner Gothic for Ceylon, where they were due to arrive on February 14 and to remain until February 21. Ceylon, the ancient Taprobane (Tamraparni, the island of "dusky leaves"), is the newest Dominion in the Commonwealth. It achieved Dominion status on February 4, 1948, when the 150 years of British rule came to an end. During their stay on the island their Royal Highnesses have arranged to visit the Colombo Exhibition, which is to be opened by Princess Elizabeth. This exhibition is designed to help to promote and explain the six-year programme of economic and social development in South-East Asia. It will be the first international exhibition since the New York World Fair of 1939.



COLOMBO—"THE CHARING CROSS OF THE EAST" AND THE CAPITAL AND PRINCIPAL SEAPORT OF CEYLON: A VIEW OF THE LARGE ARTIFICIAL HARBOUR, SHOWING
THE PASSENGER LANDING JETTY AT THE SOUTH END.

THE ROYAL TOUR: THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CITIES THE PRINCESS WILL SEE.



FREMANTLE, WHERE THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ARE DUE TO ARRIVE IN THE GOTHIC ON MARCH 1: AN AIR VIEW OF THE PORT OF PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LOOKING SOUTH.



THE IMPRESSIVE RIVER FRONT: AN AIR VIEW OF PERTH, CAPITAL OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, SITUATED ON THE SWAN RIVER, WHICH THERE BROADENS INTO PERTH WATER.



PERTH, THE CAPITAL OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL FULFIL A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS: A VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, ONE OF THE FINEST THOROUGHFARES IN AUSTRALIA.



SHOWING THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PERTH. THE CITY IS BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE SWAN RIVER, SOME TWELVE MILES FROM FREMANTLE.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS MINING TOWNS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA: A VIEW OF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF KALGOORIE, WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL VISIT ON MARCH 7.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE GOLDEN MILE, KALGOORIE. GOLD WAS DISCOVERED FROM 1888 ONWARDS, AND THE TOWN GREW RAPIDLY.

On Saturday, March 1, their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to reach Fremantle, on the west coast of Australia, and will disembark from the *Gothic*, *en route* for Perth, the capital of Western Australia. Fremantle, the port of Perth, was founded in 1825, and became a city in 1929. Two moles prolonging the course of the Swan river, at whose mouth it is situated, provide a safe approach, 5000 ft. long and 540 ft. wide, leading to the great harbour. The Royal visitors will land at 10 a.m., and after an official reception and

presentations, the Royal progress to Perth will begin. Perth, established in 1829, became a city in 1856. It is beautifully situated on the Swan river, which broadens into the lake known as Perth Water; and it contains some of the finest terraces, avenues and buildings in the Commonwealth, and a handsome public park, King's Park, overlooking the Swan river, on the west of the city. On March 7 the Royal visitors will fly to Kalgoorlie, one of Australia's celebrated gold-mining towns, *en route* for Adelaide.

**THE ROYAL TOUR:
VIEWS OF ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA,
AND
BROKEN HILL, N.S.W.**

T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive at Adelaide, the capital of Southern Australia, on March 7. This beautiful city was founded on a site on the Torrens River selected in 1836 by Colonel William Light (1784-1838), Surveyor-General of Southern Australia. He laid the city out in the form of a square divided into rectangular blocks, with gardens and parks at the points of intersection, and around the square a mile broad belt of parkland was reserved. The parklands form the playground and "lungs" of the city, which boasts that it has no slums. The climate and the river Torrens, now artificially dammed and converted into a lake, lend

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.)
THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHERE THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WILL STAY FROM MARCH 7 TO 16: AN AIR VIEW OF ADELAIDE, SHOWING THE RIVER TORRENS, SPANNED BY A HANGING BRIDGE AND BORDERED WITH GARDENS.



SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS: A VIEW OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE. THE CITY IS SITUATED NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE EASTERN SIDE OF ST. VINCENT GULF



SET AMID FINE TREES: ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY, INCORPORATED IN 1874. THE LEFT-HAND BUILDING IS THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.



THE SKYLINE OF ADELAIDE, WITH THE MT. LOFTY RANGES IN THE BACKGROUND, FROM MONTE FIORE HILL. WILLIAM LIGHT, SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA, LAID OUT THE CITY.

Continued.]

Adelaide the peculiar charm of diversified vegetation, north-western and southern European and sub-tropical. Broken Hill, which the Princess and the Duke are to visit on March 12, is one of the world's most celebrated mining cities. It is in the Yancowinna County, in New South Wales, thirty-five miles from the South

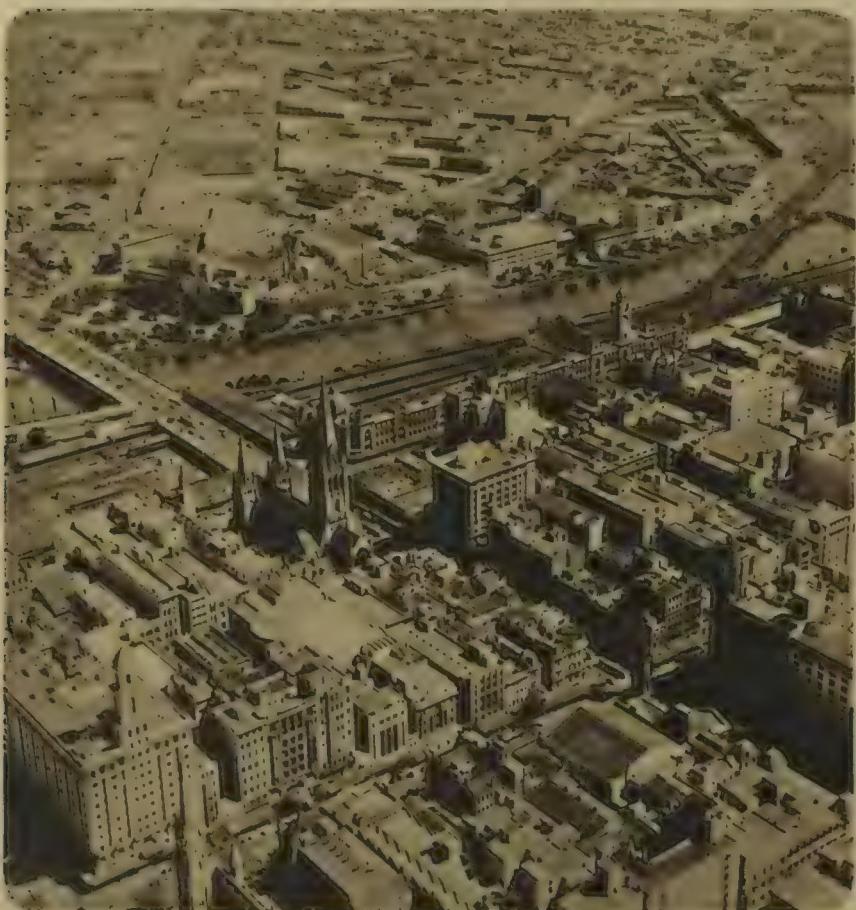


ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MINING TOWNS: A VIEW OF BROKEN HILL, NEW SOUTH WALES, FROM THE AIR. THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WILL VISIT IT ON MARCH 12.

Australian border, at an elevation of 1000 ft., on the east flank of the Barrier Range. It was first mined for tin in 1883-84, though silver and lead mines had previously been worked in the area. Their Royal Highnesses will, among other engagements arranged for their visit, inspect the Zinc Corporation mine-workings at Broken Hill.



AUSTRALIA'S SECOND LARGEST CITY—MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA: A VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN SKYLINE, SHOWING THE MIXED ARCHITECTURAL STYLES.



LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER YARRA AND SHOWING ST. PAUL'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL (CENTRE, LEFT): AN AERIAL VIEW OF MELBOURNE.

THE ROYAL TOUR: SCENES IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA'S SECOND LARGEST CITY.



WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL ATTEND A BALL: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.



PERPETUATING THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WORLD WARS: THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE, NEAR ST. KILDA ROAD, MELBOURNE.



TWO OF THE FACULTY BUILDINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE: THE CHEMISTRY SCHOOL (LEFT) AND THE COMMERCE SCHOOL (RIGHT).

T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive in Melbourne on Tuesday, March 18, and to remain until March 24. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, was the seat of the Commonwealth Government from 1901-1927. Situated on Port Philip in about the central south of the State, it forms, with Sydney, one of the leading cities of the Commonwealth and of the Southern Hemisphere. Like Sydney, it is a busy commercial and industrial centre; but, unlike Sydney, the city itself has few natural scenic advantages.



THE METHODIST COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE: QUEEN'S COLLEGE, THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF WHICH WAS LAID IN THE JUBILEE YEAR, 1887.

Wise planning, however, and a large number of public parks and gardens give the city a quiet charm. Melbourne's Botanic Gardens are among the finest in the world. During their visit, their Royal Highnesses have arranged to visit the Royal Melbourne Hospital; attend a ball at Government House; attend an assembly of Ex-Service Men's and Women's Organisations, and be present at a Command Performance at the Princess Theatre. On the last day of their visit they will attend Divine Service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE ROYAL TOUR: VIEWS OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST CITY, AND COONONG HOMESTEAD, N.S.W.



(ABOVE) OVERLOOKING SYDNEY HARBOUR AND ADJACENT TO THE BOTANICAL GARDENS: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

SYDNEY, the capital of New South Wales, is Australia's first city and port, and is a key point in the industrial, commercial and financial structure of the Dominion. T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive at Sydney in the S.S. *Gothic* on April 1. The approach by sea is particularly attractive, for the harbour is one of the most beautiful in the world. Its three main sections, Middle Harbour, Lane Cove and Parramatta River, cover more than 20 square miles. Its foreshores, of more than 150 miles, are bold headlands that shelter innumerable small bays and coves. The famous bridge, across an arm of the harbour, dominates the skyline. North and south of the Sydney heads

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stretch the beaches where the Royal visitors will see surfing and life-saving displays. The only private home at which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay during their tour of Australia—with the exception of an overnight stop near Cressy, Tasmania—is Coonong, New South Wales. Here they will spend two days at a large sheep holding belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey, about 400 miles from Sydney.

(RIGHT.) PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY: FISHER LIBRARY, COMPLETED IN 1910, WHICH CONTAINS SOME 310,000 VOLUMES.



(RIGHT.) OPENED IN 1932: THE FAMOUS SYDNEY BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS AN ARM OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HARBOURS IN THE WORLD.



IN AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST CITY: A VIEW OF HYDE PARK, SYDNEY, SHOWING ST. MARY'S BASILICA ON THE RIGHT.



WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL HAVE TWO DAYS' REST: COONONG HOMESTEAD, ON A 42,000-ACRE SHEEP STATION IN SOUTHERN NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: BRISBANE, CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND, AND TOWNSVILLE.



(ABOVE.) IN THE CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND, WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL VISIT FROM APRIL 23 TO 26: ANZAC SQUARE, WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WILL LAY A WREATH ON THE MEMORIAL.

ON April 23, T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will arrive in Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and that evening will attend a State Reception. On the following day Princess Elizabeth will attend a Reception by women's organisations at the City Hall, while the Duke will visit the Queensland University at St. Lucia, across the river from the city. On April 25 (Anzac Day), Princess Elizabeth will lay a wreath at the Shrine of Remembrance in Anzac Square, and their Royal Highnesses will witness the

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THE GATEWAY TO THE TROPICS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF BRISBANE; SHOWING THE RIVER WHICH MAKES THE CITY ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S BUSIEST PORTS.



(ABOVE.) STANDING AT THE INTERSECTION OF FOUR THOROUGHFARES: THE CITY HALL AND MUNICIPAL OFFICES IN BRISBANE. THE CENTRAL TOWER IS 320 FT. HIGH.

Continued.

Anzac Day March Past. In the afternoon Princess Elizabeth will broadcast an Anzac Day message from the Shrine of Remembrance. Their Royal Highnesses will leave by air on April 26 for Oakey and Toowoomba. On May 1 Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will land at Townsville from the Royal barge and fulfil a number of engagements before embarking at noon in the S.S. *Gothic*, which will then sail for Wellington, New Zealand. Greater Brisbane has a population of over 400,000, and covers an area of 385 square miles. The city itself has magnificent modern buildings and extensive port facilities to handle sea-going ships.



THE LAST TOWN THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL VISIT IN AUSTRALIA: A VIEW OF TOWNSVILLE, QUEENSLAND, FROM WHICH THE ROYAL PARTY WILL DEPART IN THE S.S. *GOTHIC* FOR NEW ZEALAND ON MAY 1.



BUILT ON 230 ACRES OF LAND PRESENTED FOR THE PURPOSE: QUEENSLAND UNIVERSITY, AT ST. LUCIA, ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BRISBANE, WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL VISIT ON APRIL 24.

THE ROYAL TOUR: AERIAL VIEWS OF CANBERRA AND HOBART, TASMANIA.



THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA : A VIEW OF THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA, IN AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY.



THE CAPITAL OF TASMANIA : A VIEW OF HOBART FROM MOUNT RUMNEY. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL VISIT TASMANIA FROM MARCH 27 TO MARCH 30.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will arrive in Tasmania on March 27, being received by the Governor at the airfield at Pardoe. On March 28 they will visit Launceston, where they will attend a children's assembly at York Park, and in the afternoon arrive at Hobart, the capital. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth will lay a wreath on the War Memorial and in the evening their Royal Highnesses will attend a reception given by the State's Government. On March 29 they will attend a gathering of school children at North Hobart Sports Oval; a garden-party at Government House; and, in the evening, a Command

Performance at the Theatre Royal. On March 30 their Royal Highnesses will attend Divine Service at St. David's Cathedral and attend a gathering of ex-Servicemen and women. They will then embark in the S.S. *Gothic*, which will sail for Sydney. On April 15 their Royal Highnesses will visit the Australian Capital Territory, arriving in Canberra in the afternoon. On April 16 Princess Elizabeth will lay the foundation-stone of the Australian National Memorial to America, and in the afternoon receive a Joint Address from both Houses of Parliament in the Senate Chamber, followed by a review of units of the Services.

I AM compelled to admit that I have not spent a week or even a week-end in Yugoslavia, like a number of our guides and instructors on the subject of that country. I therefore approach it with caution and with apologies for not being as well-equipped as they are. A certain amount of material is, however, open to all and is less controversial and speculative than the impressions of visitors, however acute as observers or eminent as expositors. I venture therefore to write, not a judgment, but what I should desire to be taken as a summary of that which is known, a series of notes on which some speculation may be based. Just on three-and-a-half years have passed since the expulsion of Marshal Tito and his Government from the Cominform. Prophecies made by some of the ablest students of Soviet Russian policy have not been fulfilled. They believed that Marshal Tito would not be allowed to make good his independence of Moscow for any length of time. In that, events have proved them wrong. It does not follow that they will be found wrong in the final issue, but they certainly erred in point of time. Grave threats in the movements of armed forces on the Yugoslav frontiers have occurred in the interval, but they have proved to be incidents of the "cold war." Yugoslavia has reached a partial understanding with Greece, friend of the West, and also her traditional ally, though she cannot be called an ally even to-day. And Marshal Tito is still defiant.

He has also made a slow and cautious but steady approach to the West. In some ways he has clearly moved against the grain, as perusal of successive statements from Belgrade will show. For example, the Yugoslav Government began by saying that it would be careful to enter no bloc, because international blocs bred war. Now, if it has not definitely entered a bloc, it may at least be said that the radius of the Yugoslav circle cuts the orbit of the Western bloc. Again, Marshal Tito announced that he did not intend to apply for arms, but has since done so. He has also received economic assistance which was, in the then state of the country, cut off from all financial and commercial dealings with Soviet Russia and her satellites, equally necessary if it was to stand on its own legs. It may seem ungracious to point out that this attitude does not betoken a deliberate break-away on the part of Yugoslavia, but I am striving to put the case with complete objectivity.

The theory of a break-away is contradicted not only by the pronouncements on Yugoslav policy addressed to the eyes of the United States and the United Kingdom which I have already mentioned, but even more clearly by correspondence between the Soviet Government and Yugoslavia, or representatives of Yugoslav Communism. Some of this is subsequent to the resolution of the Cominform, and furnishes proof that Yugoslavia was seeking to return to its bosom. Some of it dates from a period before the resolution, and shows that Yugoslavia had been bitterly reproached by the Soviet Government and desired to prove herself free from sin. I am not concerned to suggest that Yugoslavia is to be condemned for having followed this line. After all, Marshal Tito could certainly have saved himself from expulsion from the Cominform—which means from the Russian orbit—and could probably have secured readmission after repentance, if he had been prepared to abandon all pretence of national independence and to pledge himself to absolute obedience to the behests of the Soviet Government. This is indeed greatly to his credit and merits the measure of support he has since obtained from elements in his country who formerly saw no good in him. Yet it does not furnish ground for the belief held by the innocent that he and his party have become transformed in other respects.

I must suspend judgment as to the effects of his example on Eastern Europe. In one respect they are likely to be good. One of the satellites has broken out of the orbit of its parent sun.

One of the champions of Communism is no longer playing his part. One of the dictators at home who were as completely controlled by Soviet Russia as were their own subjects by them, has ceased to obey orders but still remains dictator. Yet there is another side to the affair. Since the casting forth of Yugoslavia, the inner ranks have been purged of doubters and of any who had exhibited the smallest signs of independence. The grip of Soviet Russia on Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria has been tightened. It is possible that these States are now less likely to entertain projects for establishing autonomy in the very smallest measure than they were before Yugoslavia came under the interdict. The present situation of Yugoslavia may indeed in the long run exert some influence in weakening the chains with which Soviet Russia binds those countries which it serves her purpose to hold in subjection, but for the moment it appears that they have come under a stricter and more efficient control than ever. These are appreciations of which only the future can prove the validity.

Certain reforms have been undertaken in Yugoslavia, but few people outside the country and certainly

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HOW YUGOSLAVIA STANDS TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

not those who have been given a glimpse of it in the last year are in a position to say how great their progress has been and how far they are likely to be successful. It must be frankly realised that those within Yugoslavia cannot make their voices heard, or at any rate that they cannot express hostile opinions. In this respect the methods and outlook of the Government do not appear to have changed. Though these were based upon the pattern of Soviet Russia, which sets the standard in Communist administration, they were never as severe and oppressive; but the

The military value of the Yugoslav Army is another matter of interest about which conflicting opinions but little clear evidence exist. We do know that, up to last year, its equipment was worn, mostly obsolete, and of diverse kinds, from Russian, German, Italian and its own arsenals. The efficiency of an army, as distinct from its armament, is always more difficult to assess.

Manœuvres and exercises may tell the expert a great deal, but even he may find himself deceived in the matter of its spirit, loyalty to Government and flag, determination to fight on under adversity—the severest and the final test of morale—ability to maintain its cohesion and recover its striking power after heavy loss and deep exhaustion. There the evidence of the Second World War, if it applies in present circumstances, is most favourable. I have seen it suggested that the present Yugoslav Army may not possess the spirit of that of the years of war, but I cannot see good reason why it should have changed. Putting it on the most sordid basis, the one thing a modern autocratic régime generally contrives to make sure of before all else is the loyalty of its armed forces.

I have fulfilled my object of summing up briefly and without prejudice how Yugoslavia stands to-day in international affairs. I think this may be useful, because so much that is written about the country is coloured either by prejudice or sanguine presumption. Yet an article which stopped at this point would not have a high value. I ought to conclude it with some indication of my views on Western policy with regard to Yugoslavia. First, we should strive to clear our minds of cant, difficult as this may be at the present time. It would be absurd to pretend to set up Yugoslavia as a champion of freedom and liberty in our sense of those terms. Our relations with her were brought about by convenience and can most fittingly remain on that footing, which Marshal Tito would probably be the first to recognise as suitable. On the other hand, I disagree with those who argue that we should have striven to bring about what we consider an advance towards democratic freedom as the price of collaboration. There is nothing necessarily discreditable in collaborating for an honourable purpose with an individual or a State of whose motives we generally disapprove; but it does seem discreditable to pretend that these motives are other than they really are, or to encourage the profession of motives which we cannot believe to be genuine.

The question of action to be taken if Yugoslavia were to be made the object of attack—which looks rather less probable now than a couple of years ago, but is still a possibility—is one to be considered strictly with relation to the interests of ourselves and our Western allies. There is no sentiment in question here, any more than there has been in the approach of the Yugoslav Government to the West since the resolution of the Cominform. It has acted purely and

simply in self-interest, and its new-found associates are entitled to do the same. It does not expect gratitude for any services it may render, and will display none for any it may receive. The overthrow of Yugoslavia would be a calamitous blow for the West for two reasons: it would, in the first place, transform the strategic position in the Balkans most unfavourably; in the second place, it would represent a loss of moral authority and prestige and be taken as proof that the support of the West was not to be relied upon. Whether or not the glove should be picked up in such circumstances would depend upon the weight attached to these factors, upon resources, and upon other commitments. I would put it tentatively that such a challenge could scarcely be shirked, but this is an outsider's view.

The likelihood of a decision being called for has decreased. To-day it seems more probable than it did in 1949 that either Yugoslavia will not be attacked or that an attack upon her would be part of a general offensive. On the whole, it must be said that the results of the expulsion of Yugoslavia from the fold have been favourable to the West and improved its prospects of avoiding war and putting up effective resistance in case of war. It is to be expected that, provided there is no war, Yugoslavia, whatever the colour of her Government, will tend to revert to a policy resembling that of King Alexander in the years after the First World War. Even dictators cannot make themselves independent of strategy; even Communist doctrine cannot be wholly untouched by the needs of national defence and security. Such things move, however, as a rule slowly and almost imperceptibly, and it would be premature to picture Marshal Tito in the rôle of, let us say, the Prime Minister of Norway. It is right that public opinion should regard what has happened in the Balkans with satisfaction, but onlookers will gain a clearer notion of what has happened if they survey the picture dispassionately. An age which prides itself on not being sentimental is too inclined to lap its news about with false sentiment.

HIS MAJESTY'S REPRESENTATIVES AND POLITICAL LEADERS IN KENYA, CEYLON, AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.



SIR WILLIAM JOHN MCKELL, WHO HAS BEEN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA SINCE 1947.
THE RT. HON. ROBERT GORDON MENZIES, WHO HAS BEEN PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA SINCE 1949.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PHILIP MITCHELL, GOVERNOR AND C.-IN-C. OF KENYA SINCE 1944.
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BERNARD FREYBERG, V.C., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND SINCE 1946.
THE RT. HON. S. G. HOLLAND, FINANCE MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND SINCE DECEMBER, 1949.



LORD SOULBURY, WHO HAS BEEN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CEYLON SINCE 1949.
THE RT. HON. D. S. SENANAYAKE, WHO HAS BEEN PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON SINCE 1947.

Portraits of His Majesty's representatives and political leaders in Kenya, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, who will be welcoming T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their tour, are shown above. Sir William John McKell, who received the honour of a knighthood last November, is the first Australian to have been appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia since 1949, leads the Liberal-Conservative Cabinet. Major-General Sir Philip Mitchell is Governor and C.-in-C. of Kenya, where the Royal visitors are spending the first week of their tour. Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, a great soldier who had a distinguished career in both World Wars, is Governor-General of New Zealand. Mr. S. G. Holland is Prime Minister of New Zealand and Minister of Finance. The Governor-General of Ceylon, Lord Soulbury, is giving a dinner in honour of the Royal visitors on February 15; and the Prime Minister, Mr. D. S. Senanayake, is holding a garden-party for them on the same day.

Communist police machinery, with its usurpation of many of the functions of the law in democratic States, was there, and it is working still to-day. On one particular point we have to face contradictions. It has been stated on respectable authority that a number of citizens holding views which are definitely anti-Communist, look with more favour on the régime now that it appears in independent national guise. It has also been stated that many democrats resent the aid given to Marshal Tito by the West. Finally, it has been said that many Communists take the Russian view. All these reports might, after all, be true.

N.B.—The portraits reproduced on this page do not illustrate the article by Captain Cyril Falls.

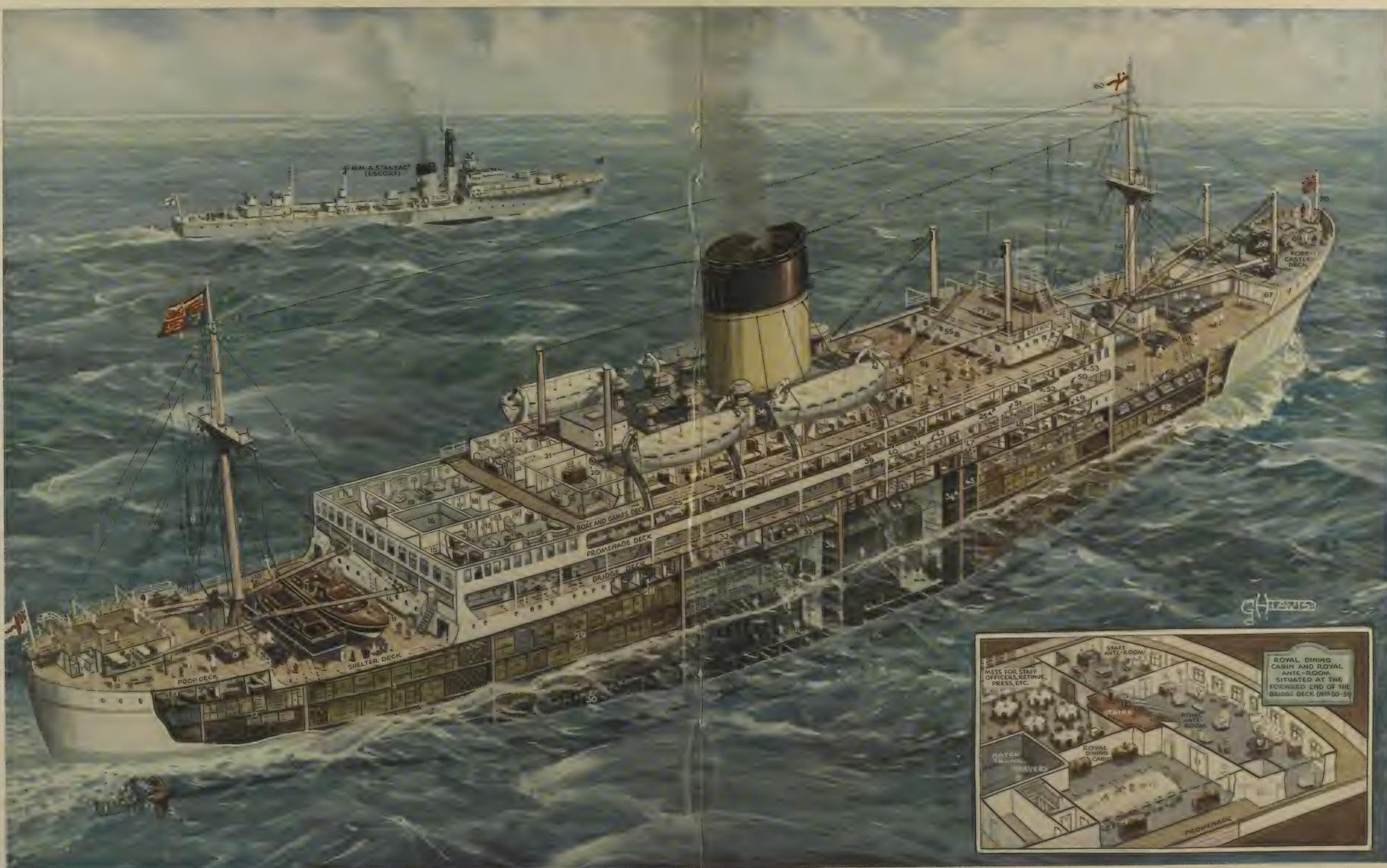
N.B.—Four-page Coloured Supplement included here.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALASIA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO IS DUE TO ARRIVE IN AUSTRALIA WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON MARCH 1.

T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to leave London by air on January 31 on the first stage of their tour of Australia and New Zealand, and their visit to the new Dominion of Ceylon. They planned to fly in a B.O.A.C. *Argonaut* to Nairobi, and are due to leave Mombasa in the *Gothic* on February 7. Their schedule brings them to Colombo on February 14, when, at first light, H.M. Ceylon ship *Vijaya* will meet the *Gothic* to lead her into harbour. After visiting various important centres

in Ceylon, their Royal Highnesses will re-embark in the *Gothic* at Trincomalee on February 21, and are due to arrive at Fremantle on March 1, for the start of their historic tour of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand. At a point south-east of Cocos Islands, ships of the Royal Australian Navy have arranged to take over the duties of escort from ships of the Royal Navy, the Royal Pakistan Navy and the Indian Navy.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALASIA: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF THE LINER S.S. "GOTHIC", SHOWING THE ACCOMMODATION, THE POSITION OF THE ROYAL SUITE, AND OTHER DETAILS.

THE Shaw Savill liner, S.S. *Gothic*, in which their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived to embark at Sydney on February 7 for their tour of Australasia and New Zealand, was refitted for the Royal tour by Messrs. Cammel Laird, of Birkenhead, under the direction of the Admiralty. Much of the furniture which has been used in the Royal suite has come from the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. The *Gothic* is a liner of 15,000 tons gross, and has a speed of 15·5 knots, and usually carries a maximum of eighty-five passengers. On the outward voyage the ship will be carrying 2956 tons of general cargo. When their Royal Highnesses are on board the S.S. *Gothic* will wear the Union Jack (No. 70). *Continued opposite.*

Key to Drawing.

- 1. Rudder.
- 2. Starboard propeller.
- 3. Stern bridge.
- 4. Crew's mess rooms.
- 5. Crew accommodation.
- 6. Aerial cage.
- 7. Queen Elizabeth's personal Standard. (None across the top.)
- 8. Cage aerial.
- 9. Queen Elizabeth's day cabin.
- 10. Admirals' cabin (cabin).
- 11. Royal barge (stowed).
- 12. No. 6 Hold (transformer etc.).
- 13. No. 5 Hold (motor-cars, barges, etc.).
- 14. No. 4 Hold (crated motor-cars, baling machines, earthenware, and cases, etc.).
- 15. No. 3 Hold (canned food, etc.).
- 16. Hatch trunk.
- 17. Princess Elizabeth's day cabin.
- 18. Lobby.
- 19. Duke of Edinburgh's day cabin.
- 20. Princess Elizabeth's sleeping cabin.
- 21. Queen Elizabeth's sleeping cabin.
- 22. Duke of Edinburgh's sleeping cabin.
- 23. Queen Elizabeth's day cabin.
- 24. Cabin of Senior Staff Gentleman-in-Waiting, etc.
- 25. Starboard shaft and shaft machinery.
- 26. Starboard engine room (steam turbines).
- 27. Engineers' and stokers' cabin.
- 28. Queen Elizabeth's smoking-room.
- 29. Telephone exchange.
- 30. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 31. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 32. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 33. Auxiliary machinery.
- 34 and 35. Side oil fuel bunkers.
- 36. House-top, ventilators, engine room hatch, etc.
- 37. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 38. Royal moulds' and valets' cabin.
- 39. Cypher clerks' office.
- 40. Office of Royal Private Secretary.
- 41. Queen Elizabeth's Assistant Private Secretary.
- 42. Queen Elizabeth's Secretary.
- 43. Storesrooms.
- 44. Starboard boiler room.
- 45. Queen Elizabeth's oil-fuel bunkers.
- 46. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 47. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 48. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 49. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 50. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 51. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 52. Vice-Admiral C. E. Lambie's cabin.
- 53. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 54. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 55. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 56. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 57. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 58. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 59. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 60. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 61. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 62. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 63. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 64. Export motor-cars (not crated).
- 65. No. 2 Hold (drums of oil, paint, etc., and fittings, cable, etc.).
- 66. No. 1 Hold (canned food, etc.).
- 67. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 68. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 69. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.
- 70. Queen Elizabeth's washroom.

Continued.

Vice-Admiral C. E. Lambie's flag (No. 60) at the fore, Princess Elizabeth's personal Standard (No. 9) at the main, and the White Ensign. During the voyage the Red Ensign and the Shamrock Flag may be seen flying from the foremast. The background of the drawing will form part of the scene in Australian waters. The Royal dining-room and adjoining ante-room, situated forward on the bridge-deck, can be seen inset (lower right). The Royal sleeping cabins are on the boat deck, immediately above the day cabins.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of the authorities responsible for the arrangements.



A GARLAND OF AUSTRALIAN WILD FLOWERS—TO MARK THE VISIT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE GREAT DOMINION.

This brilliant garland of Australian native wild flowers from all Australia's far-flung States and all the great Commonwealth's seasons and various climes, could have been gathered together only by an artist working in the old Dutch tradition. March—when Princess Elizabeth is to land on Australian soil—is the late autumn there and the scorching Antipodean sun has burnt up most of the native vegetation. How glorious and how unique that flora is, our Artist's selection shows. Strange even, we are told,

to many Australians, crowded for the most part into a few large cities; and even stranger to our own eyes since our normally accommodating climate suits very few Australian plants, and even under glass they tend to need specialised conditions. This fact has been recognised at Kew, where a large special Australian House is in course of construction; and it may not be long before Londoners at least can grow familiar with the fantastic Kangaroo Paw and the noble Waratah, the State-emblem of New South Wales.

KEY TO NUMBERS (roughly clockwise from eight o'clock): (1) LILY-PILLY FRUITS, *EUGENIA SMITHII*; (2) GUINEA-FLOWER, *HIBBERTIA SCANDENS*; (3) MAUVE HIBISCUS, *HIBISCUS HUEGELII*; (4) SILVER BANKSIA, *BANKSIA marginata*; (5) HYPOLENA FASTIGIATA, A GRASS; (6) KANGAROO PAW, *ANIGOZANTHUS MANGLESII*; (7) NODDING BLUE LILY, *STYPANDRA GLAUCA*; (8) COOTAMUNDRA WATTLE, *ACACIA BAILEYANA*; (9) WARATAH, *TELOPEA SPECIOSISSIMA*; (10) FLANNEL-FLOWER, *ACTINOTUS HELIANTHI*; (11) BLUE WATER-LILY, *NYMPHEA STELLATA*; (12) QUALUP BELL, *PIMELEA PHYSODES*; (13) BUSHY YATE OR LEHMANN'S, OR THE FINGER-STALL, GUM, *EUCALYPTUS LEHMANNII*, FRUITS; (14) KURRAJONG, *BRACHYCHITON POPULNEUS*, FRUITS; (15) NEEDLE BUSH, *HAKEA SERICEA*, FRUITS.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Miss Margaret Stones.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FOR ordinary, everyday garden purposes, there are three species of yucca to choose from; three, that is, that may be seen now and then in private gardens, and found here and there in nurseries—but only here and there. These three are *Yucca gloriosa*, *Y. recurvifolia* and *Y. filamentosa*.

In Robinson's "English Flower Garden"—my copy is dated 1900—nine species are mentioned, and



"THE FINEST OF ALL THE YUCCAS IN FLOWER": A WILD PLANT OF *Yucca whipplei*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT PHOTOGRAPHED IN CALIFORNIA IN 1931. MRS. ELLIOTT IS STANDING BESIDE THE PLANT, AND SO GIVES A SCALE FOR THE SUPERB INFLORESCENCE. SOME OF THESE TOWERS OF CREAMY FLOWERS WERE 15 FT. HIGH.

a good many varieties of those species. In Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," Vol. III., only six species are described (seven in the newest edition), with mention of a number of varieties. The new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" says that there are about thirty species, and describes twenty or so of them. A large number of hybrid yuccas were raised in Italy about fifty years ago, but English gardeners need not concern themselves with these. It is doubtful whether they would be hardy in this country, and it is still more doubtful whether any of them are to be found in English nurseries. But the three that I have mentioned are plenty to be going on with, for they are magnificent plants, and are used far too little in our gardens. They are hardy, easy to grow, unfussy as to soil, and quite indifferent as to drought.

The commonest is *Yucca filamentosa*, which may be grown either in the herbaceous or mixed flower border, or in a bed to itself, where it forms clumps of sword-like leaves, arranged in handsome heads. But these are not carried aloft on trunks or stems. They spring direct from the ground. *Y. filamentosa* is perhaps the most free-flowering of the three, with tapered trusses of creamy-white blossoms, standing from 3 to 4 or 5 ft. high. The leaves taper to a sharp point and their edges have curious brown threads which peel away and hang in a ragged, but not unsightly, festoon.

Yucca gloriosa is a larger, handsomer and altogether more dramatic plant, with a distinctly sub-tropical air about it. It forms stout trunks, several feet high, and occasionally branching, carrying heads of thick, rigid, dagger-like leaves, each of which is tipped with a needle-like spine. It goes by the name of "Adam's Needle." By the same token, *Y. filamentosa* might well be called "Eve's Needle and Thread." *Y. gloriosa* flowers handsomely, but less freely, than *Y. filamentosa*. The creamy-white flower-spike often runs up to a height of 6 or 8 ft., and when this happens, it is a garden event of importance. *Yucca gloriosa* should

THE HARDY YUCCAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

be given an open position to itself, where it can show off its handsome, decorative qualities without competition and without being cluttered up with lesser vegetation. One sees it occasionally growing as a clump on the south side of a house, and if it should be close to the front door of a Georgian house, that surely is the ideal setting for it. In any case, it should have full sunshine.

Yucca recurvifolia is near *Y. gloriosa*, but its leaves are less rigid. Instead of radiating like daggers, they form a somewhat drooping cluster. Yuccas may be increased by removing the side-growths that form at the base of the plant. This is especially so with *Y. filamentosa*, which may be lifted and divided. The stems of the trunk-forming species—*Y. gloriosa*, *recurvifolia*, etc.—may also be struck. I remember a fine specimen of *Y. gloriosa* growing in a front garden in Hertfordshire many years ago. A 3-ft. stem broke off from the main clump, and the owners just stood it on the ground, leaning against the house to be out of the way. Many weeks later, they told me that I was welcome to take it away in order to root it—if I could. Greatly to their, and my, surprise, we found, when I went to take it, that the base of the stem was already firmly rooted in the ground.

It should be easy to raise Yuccas from seed, though I know of no firm in this country offering the seeds. The only way would seem to be to raise one's own seeds. To do that it would be necessary, first to have flowering specimens, and then to hand-pollinate the blossoms. Which reminds me that the pollination or fertilisation of yuccas in nature, that is, in their native America, is extremely interesting. I first came across a brief account of it in that astonishing work, J. C. Willis's "Dictionary of Flowering Plants and Ferns." The work is done by a moth, *Pronuba*. The white flowers are perfumed at night and attract the moth, who collects the pollen, shaping it into a pellet, and flies to another flower. There she pierces a hole in the ovary of the flower and places a few of her eggs inside the ovary, among the ovules or immature and yet unfertilised seeds. Then she climbs up to the stigma and presses the ball of pollen into position, so that the ovules are thus fertilised. Later, when the moth's eggs hatch out as larvae, they feed upon growing, fertilised seeds, of which there are plenty, both to nourish the youngsters and to reproduce the plant. This is a perfect example of what is known as symbiosis, in other words, mutual inter-dependence of a flower and an insect. It is a case, so to speak, of: You act

which there were literally thousands of the plants in full flower. Their great, creamy flower-spikes stood 12 and 15 ft. high, stately and majestic; one of the most astonishing floral pageants I ever saw. In another place we found *Y. whipplei* in ripe seed, so that I was able to collect a good bagful of the fat, green capsules for distribution to the supporters of my expedition. In gathering them I noticed that many of the capsules had holes looking rather like apples which had been damaged by codlin-moth, and I



A HANDSOME AND DRAMATIC PLANT: *Yucca recurvifolia*, LIKE *Y. gloriosa* EXCEPT FOR THE FORM OF ITS LEAVES, RUNNING UP TO 6 OR 8 FT. AND ADMIRABLY ABLE TO RESIST LONDON SMOKE. THE FLOWERS ARE CREAMY WHITE.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.



PERHAPS THE MOST FREE-FLOWERING OF THE THREE BETTER-KNOWN HARDY YUCCAS: *Yucca filamentosa*, "WITH TAPERED TRUSSES OF CREAMY-WHITE BLOSSOMS, STANDING FROM 3 TO 5 FT. HIGH."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

as my matrimonial agent and I'll provide your offspring with board and lodging.

When I was plant collecting in California in 1931, I had the good fortune to see one of the finest of all the yuccas in flower. This was *Y. whipplei*. My wife and I came upon a great, wide, shallow valley in

avoided these as far as possible, though a good many got into the bag with the undamaged ones. I ought to have known better, for I knew at the time the story of the moth *Pronuba* and her painstaking method of fertilising yucca and housing her babes in the ovary. Some weeks later I decided to sort and clean and packet my *Y. whipplei* seeds and post them home to England; so one evening in our hotel bedroom I spread a newspaper on the bed, and tipped the seeds out on to it. It was only then that I realised my mistake in collecting mostly perfect, unpunctured capsules. The punctured ones had split open, and shed masses of good, fertile seeds, and with them masses of little white grubs—*Pronuba*'s offspring. The seeds in the undamaged, unpunctured pods were flat, infertile and useless, and there were no *Pronuba* babes among them. Only then did I remember the fascinating story of yucca symbiosis in Willis.

Unfortunately, *Yucca whipplei* is not so hardy as *Y. gloriosa* and *Y. filamentosa*. Bean, in the third volume of his "Trees and Shrubs," tells that it was first flowered in a garden at Bognor Regis in 1910. But it is not hardy at Kew. It has flowered at Chichester, and I seem to remember reading of its having been flowered by Lord Aberconway at Bodnant. Evidently it is a plant for mild districts only. As to where to obtain plants of the three truly hardy species, *gloriosa*, *recurvifolia* and *filamentosa*, please don't ask me. For one thing, I shall be unable to deal with any correspondence for the next month or six weeks. If you wish to grow them—and I hope you will—consult the catalogues of half-a-dozen of our leading nurserymen who specialise in choice trees and shrubs and herbaceous plants, or send postcards to such firms and ask if they can supply. Lastly, if and when you do have a yucca in flower, try your hand at hand-pollinating the blossoms. It's really quite a simple matter, and of course there is no need to imitate the moth *Pronuba* to the point of inserting your offspring into the ovary. That would be redundant.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND: WELLINGTON, THE DOMINION CAPITAL.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN NEW ZEALAND'S CAPITAL, WELLINGTON: ONE OF THE LARGEST WOODEN BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD. ON THE RIGHT, THE WAR MEMORIAL.



THE HEART OF WELLINGTON—FROM THE AIR. CENTRE, THE CARILLON, WITH THE NATIONAL MUSEUM BEHIND. ON THE LEFT, THE BASIN RESERVE CRICKET GROUND.



WHERE NEW ZEALAND'S LAWS ARE MADE: THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON, FROM THE AIR. ONLY THE RIGHT HALF OF THE BUILDING IS YET COMPLETED.

Wellington, the second largest city in New Zealand and the capital of the Dominion, lies at the southern extremity of the North Island and has a population of 193,300 (1950 figure). It is the first place to be visited by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who are due to arrive in the *Gothic* on May 7 at one of the world's most beautiful harbours—compared by many to that of Rio de Janeiro. It became the seat of Government in 1865, when it was decided that some more central position than Auckland (previously the capital) must be chosen. It was then only a small town, but since that date it has rapidly grown into the fine city our photographs reveal. Although severe gales are little known in New Zealand, Wellington is sometimes spoken of as the breeziest large city in the world. Notable features are the National Museum, the 62-acre Botanical Gardens, the Victoria University and the Observatory. On May 12 their Royal Highnesses are to leave by sea for Christchurch.

CITIES OF THE SOUTH ISLAND: CHRISTCHURCH AND INVERCARGILL.

On May 12 Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are to leave Wellington, North Island, in the *Gothic* and sail down the east coast of the South Island to Christchurch and its port, Lyttelton. Christchurch, the Dominion's third largest city, is in the province of Canterbury, known for the fertile Canterbury Plains and the magnificent Southern Alps. It is a beautiful city, with a distinctly English air, with a cathedral, and a river winding through the city, which is rich in trees. Not far from here is the district known as "Little France," from the settlement of French immigrants in 1840. Their Royal Highnesses are to be at or around Christchurch from May 13 to May 21, but the last two days are to be free of engagements. On May 22 they leave Christchurch by car for Dunedin, pictures of which appear on another page; and on May 27 they leave for a two-day visit to Invercargill. Invercargill (pop. 30,900) is in the Southland district of Otago and stands at the very south of South Island, opposite Stewart Island. It was laid out as a town in the 1850's, and is now the centre of one of the world's greatest cheese-producing areas.



"THE MOST ENGLISH CITY OUTSIDE ENGLAND"—CHRISTCHURCH, IN SOUTH ISLAND, FROM THE AIR, BOWERED IN TREES. THE PUBLIC HOSPITAL IS IN THE FOREGROUND.



INVERCARGILL, IN SOUTHLAND, SOUTH ISLAND, FROM THE AIR. LOOKING DOWN ON TYNE STREET, RUNNING THROUGH GARDENS, WITH ST. MARY'S R.C. BASILICA, LEFT, CENTRE.



LYTTELTON, THE PORT OF CHRISTCHURCH, FROM THE AIR. BEYOND THE HILLS CAN BE SEEN THE FERTILE CANTERBURY PLAINS—AND, BEYOND, THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND: "SCOTTISH" DUNEDIN, AND NAPIER.

After leaving Christchurch, in Canterbury, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are to go by car to Dunedin, in Otago. Dunedin to this day has a very Scottish air and was indeed founded in the 1840's by the "Lay Association of the Free Church of Scotland for promoting the settlement of Otago" through the initiative of George Rennie, Captain Cargill and the Rev. Thomas Burns, a nephew of the poet. It is the Dominion's fourth largest city, with a population of 91,200 and a feature of its planning is the central Octagon of streets. It is associated very closely with the beginning of the frozen meat industry, the first cargo being despatched from Port Chalmers, its immediate neighbour, and it was also the first New Zealand city to undertake municipal trading. Their Royal Highnesses are to be in Dunedin from May 22 to May 27, before leaving for Invercargill. After the visit to Invercargill they are to return to Port Chalmers in order to embark for Napier, in the North Island, a beautiful holiday city with a population of 23,600.



PART OF THE GREAT MARINE PARADE OF NAPIER, A FINE MODERN CITY FRONTING ON TO THE SUPERB HAWKE BAY, ON THE EAST COAST OF NORTH ISLAND.



"THE MOST SCOTTISH CITY OUTSIDE SCOTLAND": DUNEDIN, NAMED AFTER EDINBURGH'S ANCIENT NAME, FROM THE AIR. THE LARGEST CITY OF OTAGO PROVINCE.



THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO (CENTRE) IN DUNEDIN, SOUTH ISLAND, FROM THE AIR. FOUNDED IN 1869, WITH BUILDINGS IN THE STYLE OF KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NEW ZEALAND'S LARGEST CITY, AUCKLAND, AND ROMANTIC ROTORUA.



ROTORUA, ON THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE LAKE OF THE SAME NAME, THE CENTRE OF NEW ZEALAND'S WONDERFUL THERMAL REGION IN NORTH ISLAND, BY THE BAY OF PLENTY.



AUCKLAND'S FINE WAR MEMORIAL MUSEUM, STANDING IN THE DOMAIN, THE GREAT PUBLIC PARK, WHICH LIES NOT FAR FROM WAIKUMATE HARBOUR (SEE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW).



AUCKLAND, THE DOMINION'S LARGEST CITY, FROM THE AIR. IN THE FOREGROUND IS DEVONPORT, THEN WAIKUMATE HARBOUR, THEN AUCKLAND, WITH MANUKAU HARBOUR IN THE BACKGROUND.

After reaching Napier in the North Island by sea on May 30, and visiting Gisborne on May 31, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh plan to leave for Rotorua by air on May 31, and to make Rotorua their base from that date to June 3. Rotorua is a famous resort in the heart of New Zealand's marvellous thermal region, with its volcanoes, geysers and hot springs. Near by is the Maori village of Ohinemutu and at the Arikirakapaka golf links steam vents make unique natural hazards. June 3 and 4 are devoted to the journey by road to Auckland, with stops at Putaruru, Karapiro, Cambridge, Hamilton, Huntly and Pukekohe en route. From June 4 to June 10, when the tour is to end and they are to leave New Zealand, their Royal Highnesses will be at Auckland. New Zealand's original capital and still its largest city (pop. 308,500). It is singularly beautifully sited on a narrow isthmus between Waitemata and Manukau Harbours, and is a port of major importance.

A FAMILY FAREWELL AT LONDON AIRPORT:
T.R.H. THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE LEAVE.



A ROYAL FAREWELL : THE KING (RIGHT), THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET WAVING GOOD-BYE. MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT (LEFT) AND SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC ARE SHOWN. SIR MILES THOMAS IS STANDING BEYOND THE KING.



BEFORE ENTERING THE ARGONAUT ATLANTA : PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAVE GOOD-BYE. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT; BACK TO CAMERA) ALMOST OBSCURES THE KING. PRINCESS MARGARET IS TO THE LEFT, AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN THE CENTRE.



AT LONDON AIRPORT TO BID FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ON JANUARY 31: THE KING, LADY PAMELA MOUNTBATTEN, SIR MILES THOMAS, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS MARGARET, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK BROWNING, THE QUEEN, AND SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC (L. TO R.).

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh's departure from London Airport on January 31, on the start of their Australasian tour, was not only an historic occasion but a family leave-taking. The King and Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester saw them off. The Royal party was received by Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of B.O.A.C. The High Commissioners of Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon were present, as well as Lord Ismay, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Mr. Maclay, Minister

for Civil Aviation, Mr. Churchill, Sir John D'Albiac, Commandant, London Airport, and Mr. Whitney Straight, Chief Executive of B.O.A.C. It was cold, but the King remained bareheaded until the Argonaut *Atalanta* took off at 12.11 p.m. Their Majesties were kept informed of the progress of the flight as each report came in. At 7.30 p.m. the aircraft touched down at El Adem for refuelling and change of crew, and she reached Nairobi on February 1 at 10.10 a.m. local time, having completed the 4500-mile flight on schedule.

GODSPEED AND BON VOYAGE.



THE OPENING OF A ROYAL PROGRESS ROUND THE WORLD : PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENTERING THE ARGONAUT AIRLINER IN WHICH THEY LEFT LONDON AIRPORT FOR NAIROBI ON JANUARY 31.

On January 31 the King, the Queen and Princess Margaret drove to London Airport to bid farewell to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the start of their tour, and thousands cheered them on their way and at the airport. The tour, which is due to end at Southampton on July 9, will take them completely round the world—from England to Kenya, thence to Ceylon, to Australia and

Tasmania, to New Zealand, and home via Pitcairn Island and the Panama Canal—and in so girdling the world will add yet another to the links of loyalty and affection which bind together the diverse and far-flung elements of the British Commonwealth of Nations. With them go all the loyal affection of that Commonwealth and all good wishes for a safe and happy journey.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONTENTS

MONKEYS ON MOUNTAINS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

AN elderly gentleman, of military bearing, stood in front of a case in the main hall of the British Museum, (Natural History). He was gazing at the photographs, recently brought back by Mr. Shipton from the Himalayas, showing the alleged footprints of the Abominable Snowman. To nobody in particular

of the mountain, at 10,820 ft. One morning she followed a party of climbers, but was soon left behind. At nightfall she had reached 12,556 ft. The next day the astonished climbers saw her pass them, going strongly, and hours later, at the summit of the Matterhorn, at 14,780 ft., *Mitzi* arrived with tail held high.

There she was fed by the party of climbers, one of whom carried her down in his rucksack. There is no obvious reason why a kitten should climb 4000 ft. to reach the top of a mountain. Even if we postulate that it was fired by the example of the human climbers—or merely started to follow, in the way kittens will—there is no reason why it should have kept on climbing when it lost sight of them. It would have been more in keeping with the known behaviour of kittens if, having spent the night at 12,000 or so feet, it had descended the following day to the comfort of its hotel home. The fact remains, however, that it kept on climbing.

Had the spiral staircase in the monument been covered with snow, had the cow on arriving at the top leaped the parapet to crash to its death in dense undergrowth, who, on seeing the footprints would have suspected a cow responsible for them? Should we not have had a hair-raising story complete, perhaps, with the smell of sulphurous fumes? And if *Mitzi* had not actually been seen climbing the Matterhorn, what interpretation would have been put on her tracks found at 14,000 ft.? The simple explanations that a cow had climbed

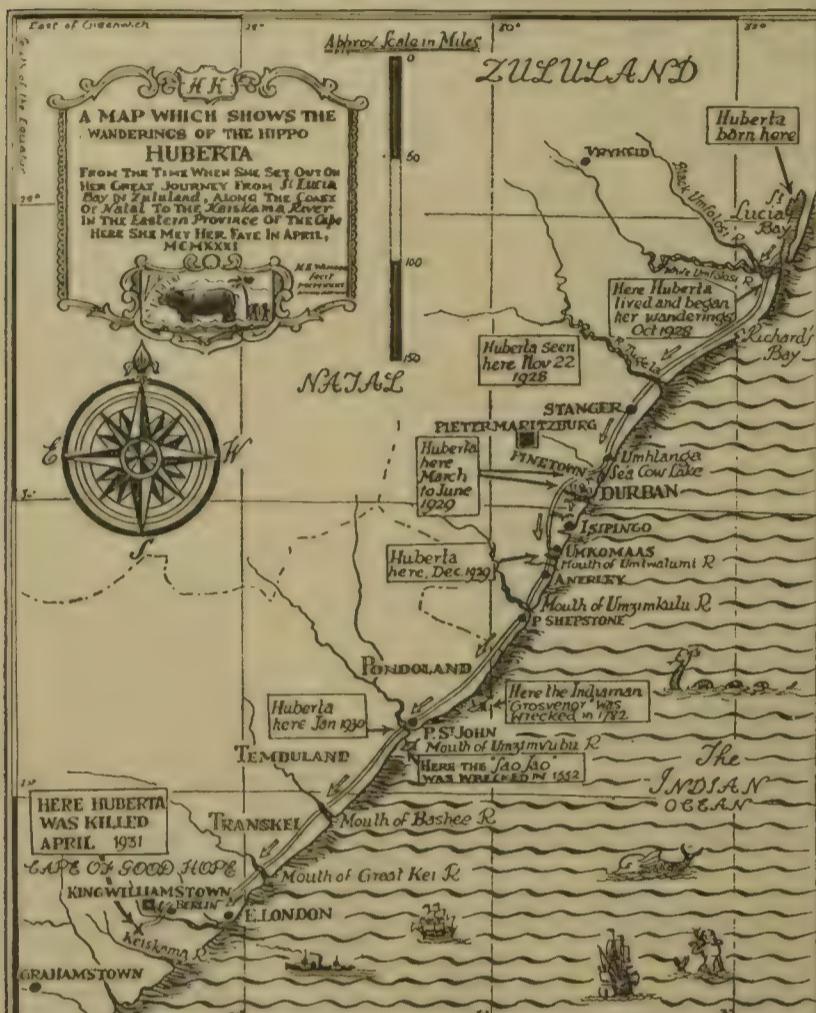
the staircase or a kitten the Matterhorn would have been laughed to scorn. It would have been pointed out that a cow lives in a herd and eats grass, and that there was no grass at the top of the monument and only one set of footprints. Equally cogent reasons would have served to destroy the kitten story. Apropos of these incidents, we may recall, as Illingworth has reminded us in his recent book, how the Eskimos' stories of polar bears being seen on the ice-cap were disbelieved, simply because these bears normally keep to the beaches. Yet the Watkins Expedition showed the stories to be true. Similarly, in "Antarctica," J. Gordon Hayes points out that: "Seals, like other wild animals, retire to the most remote places to die. Their remains frequently have been found twenty or thirty miles from the coast, and at a height of 2000 ft. up the glaciers. Scott, in 1903, found their carcasses as far as fifty miles inland and 5000 ft. above the sea." Friends who know the Antarctic well have recounted similar things to me.

It must be left to the philosophers to debate why the occasional individual, man or beast, should suddenly depart from normal practice and travel upwards, or take long journeys overland. We know that human history contains abundant examples of both. Probably animal history is as abundantly sprinkled with such endeavours, but because animals cannot speak, or write, the records of them are not so obvious or enduring. There was, for example, the leopard on Kilimanjaro. Leopards in that region are found in the forests up to

about 10,000 ft., but the well-preserved body of a leopard was found at the edge of a volcanic crater at the top of the mountain, at a height of 19,325 ft. Moreover, Captain C. R. S. Pitman, writing in *Uganda Journal* last year, says: "The finding was recorded [in 1949] of leopard spoor near Two Tarns on Mount Kenya at an altitude of 14,800 ft. A party which visited the mountain in February this year reports finding spoor near the snout of the Tyndall Glacier. It seems, therefore, that leopard not infrequently go high, though why is a mystery." Similarly, there is the most remarkable story of an overland trek, that by *Huberta* the hippopotamus. Although the hippopotamus is normally lethargic it will often wander long distances in search of food. *Huberta* established a claim to fame by wandering nearly a thousand miles. She left St. Lucia Bay, in Zululand, in 1928, and wandered on and on until, in 1931, in Cape Province, she was shot, although protected by law. Throughout that time her progress was noted in the South African Press as she passed through town after town. She did not, throughout the journey, come into contact with any of her own kind.

These isolated instances of animal wanderlust raise many questions that can only be left unanswered. There is still one question, implied in my opening paragraphs, that remains to be answered: Do monkeys climb mountains? By an interesting coincidence, Mr. R. W. Hayman has drawn my attention to a note in the *Uganda Journal* for 1951 (p. 199). In that, J. M. Watson, writing on mammals of Uganda, tells how Dr. Eggeling, when on a visit to Mt. Kadam (Mt. Debasién), was surprised to find a black-and-white colobus monkey "actually sitting on the stone cairn marking the highest point of the completely open summit at 10,050 ft." The colobus is common on the lower slopes, where it moves about in parties of a dozen or so. This solitary monkey must have crossed a considerable area of country offering little of its normal means of subsistence merely to sit on a stone cairn and—for what purpose?

I have gathered other examples, but these will suffice. Perhaps, after all, the British Museum's suggested explanation, corroborated by the elderly gentleman, may yet prove to be correct. But whether it is or not, it is clear that monkeys, and other animals, do sometimes climb high mountains on their own initiative, and for no apparent reason.



RECORDING THE AMAZING WANDERINGS OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS WHICH BECAME AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS *Huberta*: A MAP SHOWING HER ROUTE FROM ZULULAND, WHICH SHE LEFT IN 1928, TO THE KEISKAMA RIVER, IN BRITISH KAFFRARIA, WHERE SHE WAS SHOT IN APRIL 1931.

In the article on this page, Dr. Burton refers to *Huberta*, a hippopotamus which travelled southward from Zululand in 1928, and, after traversing a distance of 550 miles as the crow flies, in some thirty months, was shot in the Keiskama River in April 1931 by a farmer who was ignorant of *Huberta*'s claim to fame. Her wanderings were recorded in the Press and eagerly followed by South Africans, and after her death her head and hide were taken to the Kaffrarian Museum at Kingwilliamstown, where they are now on exhibition. [Map drawn by H. E. Winder and reproduced from "Huberta Goes South," by Hedley A. Chilvers. Publishers: Central News Agency Ltd.]

he muttered, as nearly as I can quote his words: "Monkey prints, that's what they are. Monkey prints. Seen them often in the Himalayas." Unfortunately, circumstances made it impossible to speak to him then, and by the time I was in a position to have put further questions, he was gone. He was speaking apparently from experience and certainly with conviction. He, at least, did not condemn the Museum's exhibit or its suggested interpretation of the tracks. But many critics have done so, including some who know the region at first hand and many who do not. They attack the suggestion that the tracks are those of a langur monkey on several grounds. They ask: Since langurs are sociable and normally go about in groups, why is there only one set of tracks? As langurs are vegetarian, what would they feed on, at 20,000 ft., well above the snowline? Their questions can be summarised in one: What would a monkey be doing high up in a mountain?

Recently it was reported that a cow ascended a spiral staircase of 200 steps, to the top of a monument in Southern England. Why did the cow climb to this height? Cows are gregarious, yet one wandered from the herd. It may have entered the tower for shelter, or from curiosity. Curiosity may have carried it up the first few steps, but having taken the first few steps, if it wanted to descend it would still have been possible for it to come down again backwards, and unless it was a very narrow staircase it could presumably have turned and descended at any time it chose. I have, myself, noted instances of cows walking backwards over uneven ground for a number of paces with little faltering; or of turning in a space very little wider than the width of the animal's body. But the plain fact is that the cow went right up to the top.

Over a year ago, *Mitzi* the kitten climbed the Matterhorn. She belonged to an hotel on the slopes



THE TEN-MONTHS-OLD KITTEN WHICH CLIMBED THE MATTERHORN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF *Mitzi* AFTER ITS EXPLOIT IN 1950.

In the article on this page, Dr. Burton recalls the exploit of *Mitzi*, a ten-months-old kitten belonging to the Hotel Belvedere (10,820 ft.) which, in 1950, followed a party of Alpinists starting to climb the Matterhorn. The kitten spent the first night in the Solway Hut (12,556 ft.) and the second night in a couloir above the shoulder, and joined the party on the summit of the Matterhorn (14,780 ft.) on the following day. The kitten was carried down by a guide.



BRITISH WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. STIRLING MOSS (LEFT, CENTRE) CONGRATULATING MR. SIDNEY H. ALLARD, WHO WON THE TROPHY FOR BRITAIN IN HIS ALLARD (RIGHT). ALLARD'S CO-DRIVERS CAN BE SEEN (RIGHT) AND MOSS'S DRIVERS (LEFT).



BEING HAULED BACK ON THE ROAD BY OXEN AFTER A BAD SKID WHILST TRAVELLING TO MONTE CARLO: MR. STIRLING MOSS'S SUNBEAM-TALBOT IN WHICH HE TOOK 2ND PLACE.



ILLUSTRATING THE WINTRY CONDITIONS WITH WHICH THE COMPETITORS HAD TO CONTEND: MR. W. M. COUPER'S MARK VI. BENTLEY, WHICH GAINED THE GRAND PRIX D'HONNEUR.



WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX D'HONNEUR DU CONCOURS DE CONFORT: A MARK VI. BENTLEY SALOON ENTERED BY MR. W. M. COUPER (CENTRE), WHO IS SEEN WITH HIS CO-DRIVERS, MR. P. FILLINGHAM (LEFT) AND MR. P. G. WOOSNAM-MILLS (RIGHT).

British cars took the first two places, and five out of the first six, in the Monte Carlo rally which ended at Monte Carlo on January 27. Mr. Sidney Allard, driving an Allard saloon car, made in his own factory in South London, brought the trophy back to Britain for the first time in twenty-one years. Mr. Stirling Moss, the twenty-two-year-old brilliant British racing driver from Tring, was beaten by only four points to second place in a Sunbeam-Talbot. One of the new 3½-litre Jaguar Mark VII's got fourth place; a Jowett Jupiter was fifth; and another Jaguar Mark VII. was sixth. Mr. Allard was the only British

BRITAIN'S GREAT SUCCESS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY AND "CONCOURS DE CONFORT."



THE CAR IN WHICH MR. S. H. ALLARD BROUGHT THE TROPHY BACK TO BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWENTY-ONE YEARS: THE PRIZE-WINNING ALLARD, WITH MR. S. H. ALLARD (LEFT) STANDING NEXT TO A CO-DRIVER, MR. T. LUSH.



THE CAR IN WHICH THE WELL-KNOWN BRITISH RACING DRIVER, MR. STIRLING MOSS, WON SECOND PLACE: A SUNBEAM-TALBOT IN WHICH MR. STIRLING MOSS (LEFT) FINISHED ONLY FOUR POINTS BEHIND MR. S. H. ALLARD.



CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH COMPETITORS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. J. H. KEMPSLEY AT THE WHEEL OF THE HILLMAN MINX IN WHICH HE WON SECOND PLACE IN CLASS II. OF THE CONCOURS DE CONFORT.

competitor, out of ninety-two entrants from Glasgow, who finished the 2000-mile ride to Monaco without losing a mark. The conditions this year were particularly difficult, and competitors had to contend with snow, ice and blizzards. Following their success in the Monte Carlo rally British cars, took all the chief awards in the *Concours de Confort*. Mr. W. M. Couper won the *Grand Prix d'Honneur* for the third time in a Mark VI. Bentley. A Mark VII. Jaguar won the premier award in Class I., the second prize going to a Daimler. In Class II. both first and second prizes went to Hillman Minxes.



I WAS introduced to the "Pickwick Papers" at an early age. I suppose that dates one to some extent, and I dare say to-day's children will in due course find themselves dated in like manner as a result of Mr. Emlyn Williams' brilliant masquerade as Charles Dickens over the Christmas holidays. I wonder whether any of them will ask the same question as I did when I reached Bath in the company of Samuel Pickwick and his friends and read:

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLAND'S GREATEST WATCH AND CLOCK-MAKER.

By FRANK DAVIS.*

in having been born at the right moment (1639), so that, with the foundation of the Royal Society after the Restoration, his peculiar talents could be placed at the service of what was the beginning of the modern world of experimental science. Fortunate even perhaps in having been brought up in a smithy, for, as someone wrote in 1719: "The great Tompion had never made watches, had he not first made Hobnails."

To many the only excitement any clock can hold for them is hidden behind the dial. This, the mechanics of the craft, is dealt with faithfully and in detail. To others who, like myself, are too dimwitted to disentangle these mysteries and to whom the "innards" which are illustrated in dozens of excellent photographs are as baffling as the working parts of an electronic computer or "brain," the main interest is to be found in

diary makes it clear that an acquaintanceship with Hooke could never be boring. Here are a few extracts: "At Garaways. Thompion. [sic] A clownish, churlish Dog. I have limited him to 3 day, and will never come near him more." "Tompion a Rascal." "To Garaways, Sir Jonas Moore and Tompion there, discoursed about spring watch. Tompion said he would ingage etc but 'twas but to pump"—but then, Hooke always imagined his friends and helpers were trying to pick his brains.

In 1676 Flamsteed took up his appointment at Greenwich (£100 a year and, apparently, find your own instruments), and the task of cataloguing the stars began with two small telescopes and a 3-ft. sextant. Sir Jonas Moore presented two clocks made



IN A FRENCH CASE OF RED TORTOISESHELL INLAID WITH WHITE METAL IN BURL STYLE: A STRIKING CLOCK BY TOMPION, C. 1700.

Three views of a striking clock by Tompion, no number, c. 1700, engraved on the matted dial centre. The red tortoiseshell case inlaid with white metal is, judging by the lock, of French make, but the metal engraved door appears to be of English workmanship.



SHOWING THE ENGRAVED METAL BACK PLATE AND BACK DOOR, APPARENTLY OF ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CLOCK.

"A spacious saloon ornamented with . . . a music gallery and a Tompion clock." "What," said I, "is a Tompion clock?" For my infant mind imagined a special kind of clock of I knew not what shape; and when I learned that Tompion was a man I was a little disappointed.

I must have been a tiresome child, for I remember interrupting at the very beginning of the book as Mr. Pickwick stood on a Windsor chair at the club to make a speech, "What is a Windsor chair?" Since then I have seen many Tompions (and, of course, more Windsors), and now comes a most admirable book, "Thomas Tompion: His Life and Work," about this most famous of English clockmakers.

I have one small complaint. The author, Mr. R. W. Symonds, says he has undertaken this monumental, beautifully illustrated and exhaustive biography in order to re-establish Tompion's reputation. In my view, that reputation has shone as brightly in our generation as it ever did during his lifetime. This does not make the book less welcome—it merely places us the more in debt to the author's industry and enterprise. Here is the story of the son of a Bedfordshire blacksmith, who came to London, set up shop in Water Lane, made clocks and instruments under the guidance of the brilliant and difficult Dr. Robert Hooke and of Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, established a standard of craftsmanship which has been the admiration of horologists the world over, and worked for most people of note, including Charles II. and King William III. While his popular reputation rests mainly upon his domestic clocks, we are reminded that he was more than a clockmaker: his special position in relation to the members of the Royal Society led him to various experiments in the manufacture of astronomical instruments as well. This was fully recognised during his lifetime, and seems to be implicit in the inscription under the well-known mezzotint after Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait in which he is described as "Automatopœus"—a maker of automata—which is, unless I am greatly mistaken, a far wider term than clockmaker. He was fortunate

the design of dials and cases and in the background of the man's life, which is here unfolded. Not that we know a great deal about Tompion as a person, but what is fascinating are the references to him in

"It would seem that Tompion made this movement to fit a French case." It was not a question of the case being made to fit the movement. [Formerly in the Wetherfield Collection, now in a private collection in America. Height 9½ ins.]



ILLUSTRATING THE CURIOUSLY-SHAPED DIAL PLATE: A TOMPION CLOCK APPARENTLY MADE TO FIT A FRENCH RED TORTOISESHELL CASE.

by Tompion. They are seen in a contemporary print of the Octagon Room, Flamsteed House, fitted into the wainscot; both are still in existence, though altered—one is in the British Museum, the other belongs to the Earl of Leicester. These are, of course, by no means the only Tompion clocks which have been altered in the course of two-and-a-half centuries—both cases and movements. As to the former, Tompion rather favoured plain or ebonised wood, especially towards the end of his life (I'm speaking now of bracket clocks), and these have frequently been provided with ornaments; while the rather sombre aspect of some of his long-case clocks has proved too much for the taste of collectors, who have been known to marry the movements to someone else's walnut.

The worst example of substitution noted by Mr. Symonds is the beautiful clock which once belonged to the Countess of Castlemaine, and is supposed to have been a present from Charles II.—but her descendant, the Duke of Grafton, owns only the case. In 1845 the clock was sent for repair to B. L. Vulliamy, who replaced the movement with one of his own, and actually put his own name on it. He was ordered to remove his name, but he kept Tompion's movement for himself, repaired it, and in his will he left it to the Institute of Civil Engineers—and there it still is.

With the accession of William III. in 1689, Tompion—long acknowledged as the head of his craft—enjoyed the Royal favour in ever-increasing measure, both for presents to foreign notabilities and for his own use. Several of the latter made for Hampton Court and Kensington Palace are, of course, well known to thousands, and the author notes that when designing them, Tompion asked Hooke's advice, quoting these two passages in the diary: "Cald [sic] at Tompion's: draught of Q. Mary's clock"; and a month later: "Cald [sic] at Tompion, saw K. and Q. clocks." Tompion died in 1713, and sixty years later Thomas Hatton ("Introduction to the Mechanical Part of Clock and Watch Work, 1773") wrote: "The principal executor, as appears, was Mr. Tompion, who may be looked upon as the first British mechanician in this art; he is called excellent . . . and ought to be called so by every man else who is a judge, and has seen his work." This book is a worthy commentary upon that considered judgment.



FOR A SMALL-SIZE REPEATING CLOCK BY TOMPION AND BANGER MADE, IT IS SAID, FOR QUEEN ANNE: A WAINSCOT TRAVELLING CASE.

The Barnard clock, for which this wainscot travelling case was constructed, said to have been made for Queen Anne, was given by George II. to Andrew Stone, tutor to his grandson, George III. Stone left it to his sister Anne, wife of William Barnard, Bishop of Londonderry, and it is still in the possession of his descendants.

Illustrations from "Thomas Tompion: His Life and Work," by courtesy of the publishers, B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

Dr. Robert Hooke's diary. That irascible and suspicious genius must have been a difficult friend, but no doubt the imperturbable Tompion felt some measure of gratitude to the man who had first, by his recommendations, brought him out of obscurity. The

* Frank Davis reviews on this page "Thomas Tompion: His Life and Work." By R. W. Symonds, F.R.I.B.A. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.; Edition de Luxe, £14 14s.; Library Edition, £7 7s.)



THE 1000TH SHIP TO BE LAUNCHED AT VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS' BARROW-IN-FURNESS YARD: THE 31,000-TON TANKER *WORLD CONCORD* AFLAFT.

On January 29, Lady Mountbatten launched the 31,000-ton tanker *World Concord* at Vickers-Armstrongs' Barrow-in-Furness yard, the 1000th ship to be launched there. The chairman of Vickers Ltd. announced that the owners had ordered two tankers of 44,000 tons deadweight, which will be the largest yet ordered in the world. The *World Concord* should be completed towards the end of June.



THE DEATH OF A "V.C." PARACHUTE DOG: ROB AT THE TIME OF THE PRESENTATION OF HIS DICKIN MEDAL.

It was recently reported that *Rob*, the famous wartime parachute dog who received the Dickin Medal, known as the animals' "V.C." for outstanding service during the war, had died at his master's home at the age of fourteen. *Rob* made twenty parachute descents in various theatres of war.

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE AND MINERAL: A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT EVENTS.



GOLF AS USUAL: A PLAYER TAKING A CHIP SHOT, WITH THE BADLY-DAMAGED ADDINGTON GOLF CLUBHOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND AND FIREMEN AT WORK.

Early in the morning of February 3 about three-quarters of the Addington Golf Clubhouse in Shirley Church Road, Croydon, Surrey, was destroyed by fire. Firemen had to run out half-a-mile of hose before they could deal effectively with the outbreak. More than 2,500 golf clubs were destroyed besides shoes and other property of the members.



HOLDING A WHITE GERFALCON THAT FLEW ABOARD A LINER IN MID-ATLANTIC: COLONEL R. L. MEREDITH.

Colonel R. L. Meredith, an expert falconer, is seen holding a white gerkalcon that he caught when the bird flew on board the Swedish-American liner *Stockholm* in mid-Atlantic. Colonel Meredith has named the bird *Leif the Lucky*, and says that it is a type seldom seen outside the Arctic regions.



WITH A BIRTHDAY "CAKE" OF ALMONDS: OLD BILL CELEBRATING HIS 100TH BIRTHDAY AT THE ZOO WHERE HE HAS BEEN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Old Bill, a cockatoo at the London Zoo, recently celebrated his 100th birthday and was given a "cake" consisting of 100 almonds. He has been fifteen years at the Zoo and was known to be eighty-five years old when he arrived there in 1937.



ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN," BY RUBENS, FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

By gracious permission of H.M. the King, recently cleaned pictures from the Royal Collection are from time to time exhibited at the National Gallery for a few weeks before being returned to the Palaces where they hang. The "Portrait of a Woman," by Rubens, has been restored and now takes its place in this scheme; it has been hung in Room VII. before its return to Windsor Castle.



COMBINING THE QUALITIES OF A LIFE-JACKET WITH PROTECTION FROM COLD: A NEW FORM OF SURVIVAL CLOTHING BEING TESTED AT PARLIAMENT HILL BATHING-POOL, LONDON, BY A HUMAN "GUINEA-PIG."

Spectators shivered when they saw this human "guinea-pig" floating about in Parliament Hill Bathing-pool during the recent cold weather. The "victim" was quite comfortable, however, and was testing a new kind of survival outfit for the Admiralty. The suit is made of rubberised cotton fabric and is inflated by the wearer to act as a combined life-jacket and protective clothing.

NEWS ITEMS
FROM HOME AND
ABROAD:
ROYAL OCCASIONS,
A MELBOURNE
FIRE, AND
OTHER EVENTS.

(RIGHT.) A BLAZING INFERNO: WILSON HALL, THE GREAT HALL OF MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE ON JANUARY 25.

Wilson Hall, the great hall of Melbourne University, in which many distinguished visitors from the United Kingdom have received honorary degrees, was destroyed by a fire which began in the roof on January 25. Students who tried to save the furniture and paintings were driven out of the building by falling timbers. The Hall, which was the University's only example of Gothic style, was built as a benefaction from Sir Samuel Wilson of Ercildoune. It was first used for examinations conferring degrees in 1882. The Council of Melbourne University has decided to appeal for funds to rebuild the Hall on its original site and to the original plans, which have been preserved. The cost of rebuilding is estimated at £A250,000.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLAZE: STUDENTS AND OTHERS WATCHING THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED WILSON HALL, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.



ARRIVING AT VICTOR STIEBEL'S SALON IN GROSVENOR STREET ON JANUARY 30: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET. Princess Margaret visited Victor Stiebel's salon at Jacqmar's, in Grosvenor Street, on January 30, for a private view of his new spring collection. The Princess was mainly interested in summer clothes to take with her to South Africa when she accompanies the King and Queen next month.



VISITING A THEATRE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HIS ILLNESS: H.M. THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET, LEAVING THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. The Royal family went to see "South Pacific," at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on January 30, the eve of the departure of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh for their tour of Australia and New Zealand.



WELCOMED BY MR. NORMAN HARTNELL (LEFT) WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT HIS SALON FOR A PRIVATE VIEW OF HIS SPRING COLLECTION: H.M. THE QUEEN ACCOMPANIED BY H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.



ARRIVING IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, FOR THE ANNUAL WINTER CARNIVAL: THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, WHO TOOK PART IN THE OPENING PARADE.

Thousands of the residents of St. Paul, Minnesota, greeted the seventeen-year-old Dionne quintuplets when they arrived there recently from their home in Callander, Ontario, to take part in the annual winter carnival. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Marie, Yvonne, Annette, Cecile and Emilie.



REUNITED: PRIVATE WILLIAM SPEAKMAN, V.C., WITH HIS MOTHER, MRS. H. HOUGHTON, HIS FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SISTER, YOUNG BROTHER AND STEP-SISTER AT ALTRINCHAM. Private William Speakman, who won the Victoria Cross for outstanding gallantry in Korea, was welcomed by 15,000 people at his home town, Altrincham, Cheshire, when he returned there on January 30. After driving through the streets in an open car, he was given a reception at the Town Hall.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. HAROLD ICKES.

Died in Washington on February 3, aged seventy-seven. Described as "one of the most colourful figures of the Roosevelt New Deal," he was Secretary of the Interior from 1933-46, when he resigned following disagreement with President Truman over the nomination of Mr. Edwin Pauley, an oil man, to be Under-Secretary of the Navy. He was self-styled as the "old curmudgeon."



BEING "CHAIRED" FROM THE MITCHELL HALL, MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, AFTER BEING INSTALLED AS RECTOR: "PROFESSOR" JIMMY EDWARDS, D.F.C., M.A.

Mr. James Keith O'Neill Edwards, D.F.C., M.A., well known as "Professor" Jimmy Edwards to radio listeners, was installed as Rector of Aberdeen University in a ceremony in the Mitchell Hall, Marischal College, on January 25. The ceremonial was one of the quietest and most good-natured on record. Students listened attentively to Mr. Edwards's rectorial address, in which he discussed the possible effect of uncontrolled listening on children and spoke of the "tangible terror of television" and its "horrible fascination."



MR. DONALD C. MACGILLIVRAY.

Appointed Deputy High Commissioner in the Federation of Malaya. Mr. MacGillivray has been Colonial Secretary, Jamaica, since 1947. As previously announced, the post of Deputy High Commissioner will be for the period of the emergency only. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, asked Mr. MacGillivray to leave for Malaya on February 5 with General Sir Gerald Templer.



MR. J. F. EASTWOOD, K.C.

Died on January 30 in London. Mr. J. F. Eastwood had been a Metropolitan magistrate since 1940 and had sat at Bow Street since 1947. Born in 1887, he was called to the Bar in 1911. During World War I, he served with the Grenadiers; and was M.P. (U) for Kettering from 1931-40.



APPOINTED SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER ATLANTIC: ADMIRAL LYNDE D. MCCORMICK.

The North Atlantic Council Deputies announced on January 30 that Admiral L. D. McCormick, C-in-C. U.S. Atlantic Fleet, had been appointed Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic. Aged fifty-six, he was in the U.S.S. *Wyoming* when she operated with the British Grand Fleet in World War I. In August 1951 he became C-in-C. U.S. Atlantic Fleet, and in September he assumed the additional duty of U.S. Representative North Atlantic Ocean Regional Planning Group under N.A.T.O.



APPOINTED DEPUTY SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER ATLANTIC: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ANDREWES.

The Admiralty announced on January 30 that Vice-Admiral Sir William G. Andrewes would be the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, and that he would retain his appointment as C-in-C. America and West Indies Station, which he took up in April. Aged fifty-two, he was formerly Flag Officer Fifth Cruiser Squadron, and Second-in-Command Far East. Before that he was commander of *Indomitable* and Chief of Staff to the C-in-C., Portsmouth. He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1944.



MR. R. A. BUTLER.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's measures to defeat the financial crisis, announced on January 29 in the House of Commons, include import and travel allowance cuts, and additional charges for Health Services. A Socialist amendment to the Government motion approving them was defeated by 31.



M. GILBERT GRANDVAL.

Former French High Commissioner to the Saar, whose recent appointment as Ambassador to Saarbrücken has aroused bitter criticism in Western Germany. Dr. Adenauer said that West German confidence in France as a partner in the European defence community had been severely shaken by this action.



THE SPEAKER OF THE GOLD COAST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY:

THE HON. E. C. QUIST, O.B.E.

Our photograph shows the Speaker of the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly, the Hon. E. C. Quist, O.B.E., wearing the new ceremonial robes of office which he wore for the first time on the occasion of the opening of the Budget Session of the Assembly on January 29. Mr. Quist is a barrister of many years' standing.



DECORATED WITH THE GEORGE CROSS FOR GALLANTRY IN MALAYA: AWANG ANAK RAWANG, AN IBÁN TRACKER.

The George Cross was awarded to Awang Anak Rawang, an Ibán tracker of Johore, Malaya, for "coolness, fortitude and offensive spirit of the highest order" when a patrol of the Worcestershire Regiment was ambushed by fifty bandits. Severely wounded, he dragged another wounded soldier to cover, and continued the fight. Hit again, he took a grenade from the other wounded man's pouch, removed the pin with his teeth and defused the bandits. After forty minutes they withdrew. Awang Anak Rawang is shown after the investiture.



LEAVING WATERLOO IN THE BOAT TRAIN: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR ARTHUR HARRIS.

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris, who had been making a brief visit to London, left Waterloo on January 31 in the *Queen Mary* boat train en route for New York. Sir Arthur, wartime chief of Bomber Command, who is now living in South Africa, has been managing director of the South Africa Marine Corporation since 1946.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

PROFUSION'S MASTERPIECE.

By ALAN DENT.

put into the two words: "Delicious debauchery!" There is the same dearth of language everywhere. The Empress Poppaea, portrayed by Patricia

PROFUSION now hath made his masterpiece (as Macduff so nearly said). Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Quo Vadis" is very nearly what they have been telling us it was going to be all these months and months. If to be "bowled over" is the reader's idea of supreme felicity, then "Quo Vadis" is his very ticket. For myself, I doubt if I have been so "bowled over" since away back in the spring of 1914, when I was nine and I gazed upon one of my first films, the Italian version of "Quo Vadis," which was made in 1912 and which penetrated to everything calling itself a picture-theatre in the whole of Great Britain.

The New London Film Society gave us an odd experience the other Sunday by showing this early version. It seems to us to-day, of course, quite absurdly over-acted. But because its settings remain most impressive, and quite obviously "not built in a day," and because, moreover, somebody had the sensibility to accompany it with records of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, the audience was deeply quiet and very attentive. The organisers had the wit to follow this showing with a "trailer" for the M.-G.-M. film; and it was then only that the special audience broke its silence and shouted with laughter. "The greatest motion-picture of our lifetime—see Robert Taylor," said a stentorian voice, and then capped the pronouncement with: "The most colossal movie ever made—see Deborah Kerr."

The larger the organisation, the less it seems able to understand that an elaborate excess of advertisement completely defeats its own purpose. The appetite, far from being whetted, is glutted beforehand. One was bombarded before the Press show with "literature" of this order: "Filmed in Rome itself, with colour by Technicolor, on many of the very sites of Henryk Sienkiewicz's romance of love and faith, of courage and terror, of lust and luxury, tyranny and the triumph of freedom even in death, 'Quo Vadis' is offered as a tribute to the finest ideals of the human spirit, and as a triumph of the myriad human skills that have gone to the making of a great motion-picture—perhaps the greatest." And—as if this were not enough for a single mighty "flick," we were told furthermore: "The story has in it the stuff of immortality. In filming it as the most lavish of all productions in the annals of the screen, M.-G.-M. feels that it has been privileged to add something permanent to the cultural treasure-house of civilisation." Tan-tan-tara, tzing-boom!

These things having been inculcated and quoted, it is a surprising pleasure to be able to record that "Quo Vadis" is not a very great disappointment—it is a disappointment, of course, but not a very great one. Bathos is kept astonishingly at bay. Very seldom indeed does the colossal achievement topple over into sheer silliness, and only four or five times into rank bad taste. Its script is redeemed from utter banality by the fact that that witty playwright, S. N. Behrman, is one of the three authors. Willingly I will wager that it is to this particular pen that we owe Nero's apology to Petronius for being absent-minded: "Forgive me, I have been steeped in my genius!" and also Nero's rebuke of that same worthy when he had insufficiently praised his singing to the lyre: "There's no conviction in your voice—you disturb me!" To the same source one would trace the capital scene in which Nero blubbers with grief on hearing of Petronius's suicide—a grief which turns to impotent fury when he reads the dead man's letter, which tells him the whole truth about his singing to the lyre.

But this is not to say that this, or any other part, is well written as a whole. Peter Ustinov has great fun with Nero, but a better-written part would have given both him and us far greater fun, and as a result there is not in the whole enactment as much true comic gusto as Laughton, presenting this same Emperor in "The Sign of the Cross,"

Laffan, is just a walking and non-talking sneer—*et præterea nihil*. With the exception of Petronius (the admirable Leo Genn), the "yes-men" surrounding Nero have hardly a single "yes" to say—though they are said to include those reasonably

vulgar poets, Lucan and Seneca. The love-affair between the Roman warrior Vinicius (Robert Taylor) and the Christian maid Lygia (Deborah Kerr) is marked by a reticence verging upon inarticulacy that successfully prevents it from attaining to anything like lyrical rapture. Lygia's massive and loyal attendant (Buddy Baer) has not so much as a single grunt to utter. But this does not prevent his wrestling match with a young bull set loose upon his mistress from being the most impressive and most actual thing in the film.

Much more fanfares phenomena, like the burning of Rome and the devouring of the Christians by the lions, I thought comparatively tame. The fire in the old, old film I found just as impressive in its way, though it was carried out in old-fashioned house-on-fire red as distinct from Technicolor flame. And the new lions—though there are dozens of them—did not seem to me as hungry as the old ones, nor even as fierce as the dear old M.-G.-M. lion with which the film—like all M.-G.-M. films—begins! In fact, they seemed to me to be, so to speak, positively Androclean lions and to be rather more scared of the Christians than the Christians were of them.

But I do readily grant that the mopping up at the end when the unseen feast is over—it is witnessed only by reflection in the bloodthirsty faces of the rabble—provides a horrid minute or so, quite enough to make it a reasonable order that the film should not be allowed to children. Nero's less public entertainments, on the other hand, prove to be of an almost startling mildness. Far more abandoned ballets are to be seen nightly in Great Britain in the pantomimes still lingering throughout the land, and the charming lunch given to the Press just before the film—though it consisted solely of scampi, a pork chop, and an ice-pudding, washed down with an agreeable white Roman wine—was more Lucullan by far than anything we could discern on Nero's table. At one point, it is true, the Emperor appeared to be toying daintily with the loin of a goat. But where were those peacocks and boars' heads we read about, not to mention subtler delicacies like larks' tongues stewed in wine? One wanted fewer populace and more bowls and platters—or, more simply, less circus and more bread.

In this, as in some other respects, "Quo Vadis" is far too lavish and yet not lavish enough. Nero's Empress is attended, wherever she goes, by a couple of Indian leopards. But I am sorry to say these two cheetahs just made me feel cheated! Where were the five hundred asses Lemprière tells us about—asses in whose milk Poppaea bathed to preserve her beauty? Despite its otherwise huge and doubtless warrantable menagerie, there is not in "Quo Vadis" a single ass, in sight.

In many other respects, however, the film is lavish enough to please all but the most exorbitant or the most fastidious tastes. (My own appear to be both!) It is too restless to be boring, too opulent to be monotonous, too extravagant to make us feel

that we are not enjoying a shilling or two well spent. It has everything that almost unlimited money could be relied upon to provide. It does almost everything that could possibly be imagined as brightening up our island with its blatant splendour. It has an excess of religiosity to balance its excess of violence. It even has a touch of sincerity—in the truly patriarchal performance of Finlay Currie as Simon called Peter. This last indeed is a fine and noble piece of work: it serves quite arrestingly to remind us of "a world elsewhere."



"THE MOST IMPRESSIVE AND MOST ACTUAL THING IN THE FILM": THE SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS," IN WHICH URSSUS (BUDDY BAER), THE MASSIVE AND LOYAL ATTENDANT OF LYGIA (DEBORAH KERR), WRESTLES WITH THE YOUNG BULL WHICH HAS BEEN SET LOOSE UPON HIS MISTRESS.

This week Mr. Dent discusses the much-heralded film "Quo Vadis," and says that despite an elaborate excess of advertisement with which the appetite "far from being whetted," was "glutted beforehand"—despite all this "it is a surprising pleasure to be able to record that 'Quo Vadis' is not a very great disappointment—it is a disappointment, of course, but not a very great one." Two pages of scenes from the new M.-G.-M. Technicolor version of "Quo Vadis" appeared in our issue of December 22, 1951.



"MARKED BY A RETICENCE VERGING UPON INARTICULACY THAT SUCCESSFULLY PREVENTS IT FROM ATTAINING TO ANYTHING LIKE LYRICAL RAPTURE": THE LOVE-AFFAIR BETWEEN THE ROMAN WARRIOR VINICIUS (ROBERT TAYLOR) AND THE CHRISTIAN MAID LYGIA (DEBORAH KERR) IN "QUO VADIS" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER).

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

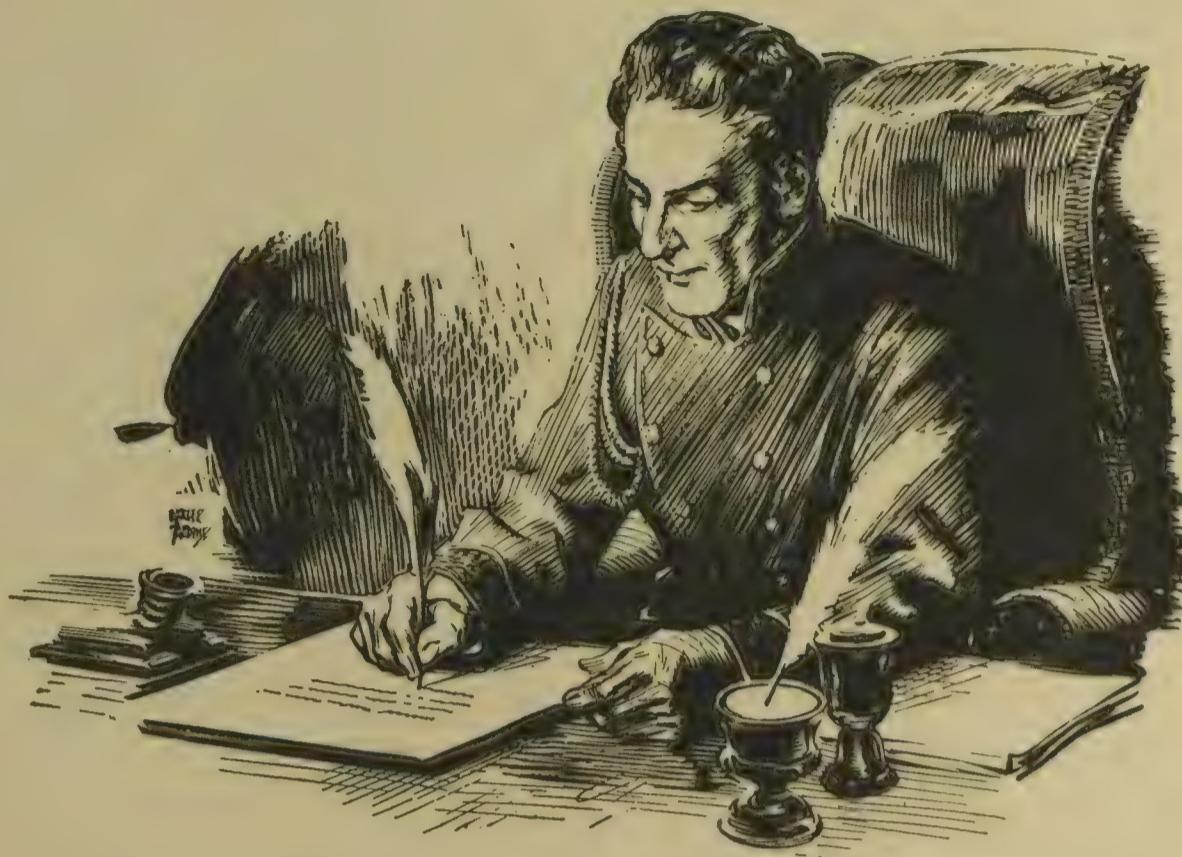
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Message from a Colonial Governor

In 1817 Governor Macquarie, of New South Wales, advised the Home Government that he had established a bank—the Bank of New South Wales. It was Australia's first public company, and Macquarie prophesied that it would be "productive of incalculable benefits to the Mercantile and Agricultural Interests of the Colony" and would "Redound to its future Credit and form an Era of true respectability" which would "hereafter be looked back to with Public Gratitude".

The prophecy has been amply fulfilled, for the Bank has played no small

part in the development of the great countries of Australia and New Zealand, and in fostering their trade with the Mother Country and the rest of the world.

The Bank of New South Wales has had a branch in London since 1853. Today, its Threadneedle Street and Berkeley Square Branches are an integral part of the oldest and largest commercial bank in the South West Pacific, offering banking service at over 800 points in Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua and New Guinea.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT seems to me that for a critic, fatalism is the right line. It is no use requiring authors to be different—to lower their pretensions, to increase their scope, to write more carefully or freely. Even if the advice is sound, it will be idle; for they can't change, nor yet, after perhaps a trial run, add to their literary stature. "Promise" is nearly always a mirage; it is the hopeful word for not quite coming off. But when a writer of distinction fails to come off, the chances are that he will go on doing it.

Claude Houghton seems to me a case in point. Sadly, but long ago, I set him down as a pretentious novelist (which is the other word for promising). In "The Enigma of Conrad Stone" (Collins; 10s. 6d.) we are confronted with the old ambition, and the old formula. Again it is a kind of philosophic thriller. It aspires to go deep, to plumb the inner truth of things. Again it is original and striking—and it does not come off. This writer, from the first, has called on talent to do the work of genius: which, of course, is impossible. And now it would be foolish to expect a change. First, because writers seldom change, and even more because, to put it bluntly, he has no motive.

This time, his veiled but central figure is a criminologist, a being of mystery and power. Stone has just died. Apparently, he has committed suicide. But he has left no note; and Michael Clair, who knew him best, whom he restored to spiritual life, who has inherited his cottage and his private papers, finds it hard to believe. So he determines to make sure. One task is laid on him already; he must help Lysa, a girl struck dumb by shock, and, like himself, reborn into a new dimension. This was a charge from Stone, but has at once become a labour of love. And then, with Lysa's aid, he starts on the investigation. No need to hunt for those involved; they swarm about him from the word go. For they assume that Conrad's heir must have been told his secrets—secrets of the confessional, the Basement Club, the moral underworld. Stone had a passion for extremes, and more especially for dark extremes. By choice, he lived with derelicts and thugs; and at the end he died in his vocation, in the line of duty. That is what Clair finds out. And he discovers also that the mantle is on his shoulders; he and his Lysa, jointly, are to carry on.

So much, I felt, for the "enigma." Stone was a freelance, amateur psychiatrist—and there you are. As for his cult of the abyss as an "inverted height," his squalid haunts, his dubious companions—these are not new; they have a pale, diminished aura of Dostoevsky. And so indeed has the whole fabric: which is rather hard on it. Still, it is conscious of the heights, and striking in its own way.

But Daphne Rooke is the real storyteller. Her second novel, "Mittee" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), though neither well nor promisingly named, is dark, emotional, and rich as plum-cake. The setting is the Transvaal in the 1890's, and the narrator is a coloured girl. Almost from birth she has grown up with Mittee like a twin: has been her playmate, confidante and other self. And yet they can't be equals, for Selina is dark. As time goes on, both are more conscious of the gulf. Even the grown-up Mittee will forget it in her good moods; but then again, in peacock vanity and temper, she becomes the mistress, scolding and savaging her handmaid as by right divine. Meanwhile, the born inferior is learning envy—until she comes to love her Mittee and detest her, in the same breath.

Mittee has been betrothed for years. She is afraid of marriage, and indifferent to the young man; but there is no one she prefers, and nothing else for her to do. And Paul, bold, arrogant and handsome, is the catch of Plessisburg. Now she can stave him off no longer. So they are married; and from that day on—even before the day—Selina is his dark secret. He adores his wife, he treats Selina as a foul disease, he would do wholesale murder for concealment—but he can't stop. Nor can Selina, for she is in love with him. And though her sense of guilt is profound, she hates the white girl for her coldness, for her shallow vanity....

But that is unfair. Mittee can love; but she could no more be in love with Paul than dark Selina can respond to Jansie, her intending partner. And in each case the obstacle is moral repulsion. They are both brutes. I won't go further into the development. It is volcanic, savage and pathetic, yet alive with fun. It is superbly staged. As for Selina's idiom—part literary, part familiar—that can hardly be right; but, right or wrong, it is exceedingly attractive.

In "The Blue Devils," by Cecilia Leslie (Cassell; 10s. 6d.), we have another distant and exotic theme. This is a tale of indigo in Behar. From the very start, the "Blue Lords" have been independent chiefs, beyond protection or control, ruling their peasant subjects in their own way. But times have changed; the bad old Company has gone, the Civil Service is taking over. Most of its new brooms—young men from Haileybury—are as green as grass; they don't know India, or indigo, or peasant labour, or indeed anything. But they know right from wrong, and justice from oppression; or at least they think so. Their purpose is to free the cultivators—and in so doing, they wreck the trade. Just as the feudal masters had foreseen.

A young girl planter is in love with a reforming enemy; that makes the plot. It is extremely slender, and the information is too close-packed, yet even then inadequate; the book required a much larger scale. But it is charming, knowledgeable, and replete with interest, in a small way.

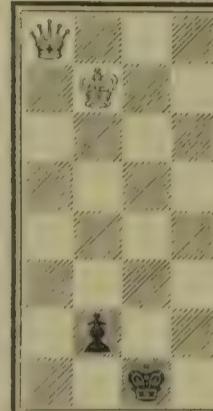
"The Golden Dagger," by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), shows Bobby Owen on another trail. Someone has rung the police to say that murder has been done at Cobblers—the pile of that historic magnate, Lord Rone and Saine. By way of confirmation, a Renaissance dagger, bloodstained, has been found in the call-box. But on the other hand, there is no corpse. The magnate scouts it, as a bad joke; yet the Cellini dagger is from his collection, and the blood is human. The rule, on these occasions, is a wide assortment of obscure and lurid activities. Here it is well observed, and leads up to a universal game of hunt-the-killer in a dense fog. Bobby is not the liveliest of sleuths; but this time he is rather livelier than usual.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

BLACK, playing down the board, is ready to queen his pawn next move. It is White's move now—can he win?

I. (BLACK)



(WHITE)

It looks unlikely that White should be able to prevent Black's pawn from queening, attack it with his king and queen, capture it and win the game; but such is the case, as every keen player learns fairly early in his chess career.

To give all the possible play would fill several issues of *The Illustrated London News*, but to summarise the method takes three lines . . .

By checks and an occasional "pin," force Black's king in front of his pawn so as to block its advance for a move; use this to bring up the white king by one square, and so on . . . and to make the winning procedure quite clear, one specimen line of play will be enough:

1. Q-QB8ch, K-Q8 ; 2. Q-Q7ch, K-B8 ; 3. Q-B6ch, K-Q8 ; 4. Q-Q5ch, K-B8 ; 5. Q-B4ch, K-Q8 ; 6. Q-Kt3ch, K-B8 ; 7. Q-QB3ch, K-Kt8.

Otherwise White takes the pawn.

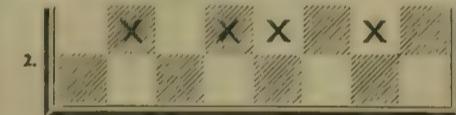
8. K-Kt6 ! K-R7 ; 9. Q-B2.

Pinning the pawn. Black could now, by 9. . . . K-R3, force White to change his plans, but to allow 10. Q-Kt8 is only to accelerate the end: 10. . . . K-Kt6 ; 11. K-Kt5, K-B3 ; 12. K-R4 and the pawn falls.

9. . . . K-R8 ; 10. Q-R4ch, K-Kt8.

Again the pawn is blocked, so 11. K-Kt5 ! and the white king soon reaches the pawn.

Only if the pawn-about-to-queen is on one of these squares can White win:



(WHITE)

With the pawn on the edge of the board or exactly two files further away, Black can draw. The crucial situation arises when the queen checks from

3. Kt3 Now in either case) Black replies . . .

K-R8 ! In Diagram 3, a move by the white king would leave Black stalemated. In Diagram 4, a king move would allow . . . P-B8(Q) whilst . . . QxP would again be stalemate.

The ending queen against pawn-about-to-queen offers some attractive special cases. In Diagram 5, for instance, White allows the pawn to queen but still wins:

1. K-B4 ! P-R8(Q) ; 2. K-Kt3 and Black is helpless.

4.



5.



(WHITE)

PRELUDE TO THE BRAVE NEW WORLD.

I REMEMBER, at the time of the Cairo Conference, being astonished when an important member of the British delegation told me that he had found the late President Roosevelt "gaga and malign." But this was not the popular view of the President, though my friend had had some personal cause for exasperation, readers of Mr. Chester Wilmot's "The Struggle for Europe" (Collins; 25s.) will see what caused him to take this view. It is clear that President Roosevelt was already an ailing man at the time of the Teheran Conference. This must be his excuse before posterity for allowing himself to be so pathetically bamboozled by Stalin. It is sad for Mr. Wilmot to have to state, in effect—though throughout he lets the facts speak for themselves—that it was this great man and great friend of this country, whose Lend-Lease proposals probably saved us at a critical time, who was also, however, so largely responsible, not merely for our post-war difficulties, but for the grave threat to freedom which comes from Russia. It is a constant source of surprise and anxiety to those who are fond of the United States and who recognise the predominant rôle which she must play in the affairs of the free world that her diplomacy is so naïve, and the premises on which it is based so out of date. It is the more alarming, therefore, to find that even so intelligent, widely read and politically sophisticated an American as President Roosevelt could have been so completely deceived. It emerges clearly that it was Roosevelt who prevented Mr. Churchill from carrying out his policy of attacking the "soft under-belly of the Axis"—an attack which would have resulted, as Stalin so clearly saw, in Anglo-American, and not Russian, influence being paramount in south-east Europe. It was Roosevelt who ensured that Russia's influence extends to-day so far West. It was Roosevelt who was anxious to exclude Britain from the reconquest of Asia, and who was much more concerned at the revival of British, French or Dutch "colonialism" than in the clearly apparent imperialism of Soviet Russia. The President's naïveté makes pathetic reading. His description to Miss Frances Perkins of the third day of the Teheran Conference reads as follows: "As soon as I sat down at the conference table, I began to tease Churchill about his Britishness, about John Bull, about his cigars, about his habits. It began to register with Stalin. Winston got red and scowled, and the more he did so, the more Stalin smiled. Finally, Stalin broke out into a deep, hearty guffaw and for the first time in three days I saw light. I kept it up until Stalin was laughing with me and it was then that I called him 'Uncle Joe'"

So, too, do phrases such as the President's speech to Congress in which he said: "I am sure that—under the agreement reached at Yalta—there will be a more stable political Europe than ever before." It was perhaps no more than an unfortunate coincidence that that very evening in Bucharest Vishinsky delivered an ultimatum to King Michael demanding that he should appoint as his Prime Minister the leader of the Rumanian Communists. However, it would give an unbalanced picture of a book which is distinguished as much for its balance as for anything else to stress the international political side or the shortcomings of a great President. Mr. Wilmot has achieved a remarkable feat. He has condensed the vast mass of material which is now available, into the best and clearest written account of the military, political and economic phases of that struggle which has yet appeared. It is not likely to be bettered for a long time to come.

If Roosevelt did much to ensure that the Iron Curtain lies so far to the West by a failure in diplomacy, it is clear from General Heinz Guderian's book, "Panzer Leader" (Michael Joseph; 35s.), that it was Hitler's decision to fight the Ardennes battle to its bitter end which made this possible militarily. This book, which has been as much the subject of interest and controversy as Mr. Chester Wilmot's, is an extraordinary picture of Germany and the Germans in the last war. That General Guderian was a magnificent soldier and a brave man there is no doubt, but if anyone wishes to obtain an insight into the German character, they cannot do better than study the mind of this honourable German soldier as revealed in his own most interesting writings. General Guderian underlines (though I do not think he intended to do so) the fact that the vast majority of Germans objected to in Hitler was that he did not win. There is no real moral condemnation of the policy which plunged the world for the second time in a quarter of a century into blood, and which may well prove to have destroyed the last relics of Western European Christian civilisation, and to have caused freedom, as we know and value it, to have vanished from the earth. Take his comments on the July 20 plot, which so nearly succeeded. "From every point of view the results of the attempted assassination were frightful. For myself, I refuse to accept murder in any form. . . . The preparations made were utterly inadequate, the choice of personalities to fill the principal rôles incomprehensible." In fact, what the General was saying was that "it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder." Nevertheless, the General's ingenuousness as a politician does not make his account of the preparations for war and the execution of the interesting.

It is pleasant to turn from these unhappy "ifs" and "might-have-beens" of history to two delightful, peaceful books. The first is "I Took a Journey," by Compton Mackenzie (Naldrett Press; 30s.). This is a description of the 3500-mile journey through thirty-eight English and Welsh counties which Compton Mackenzie made for the National Trust through every type of the Trust's property. Mr. Compton Mackenzie is well qualified both by the catholicity of his tastes and by the liveliness of his pen to write on his subject, and it occurs to me that frustrated Britons, whom Mr. Butler will prevent from taking their car abroad this year, might do worse than to make part, at least, of the same pilgrimage with this admirable book in hand.

The other is "Surrey Naturalist," by Mr. Eric Parker (Robert Hale; 18s.), a veteran among writers on the countryside, but who writes with a verve and grace which many younger writers would do well to emulate.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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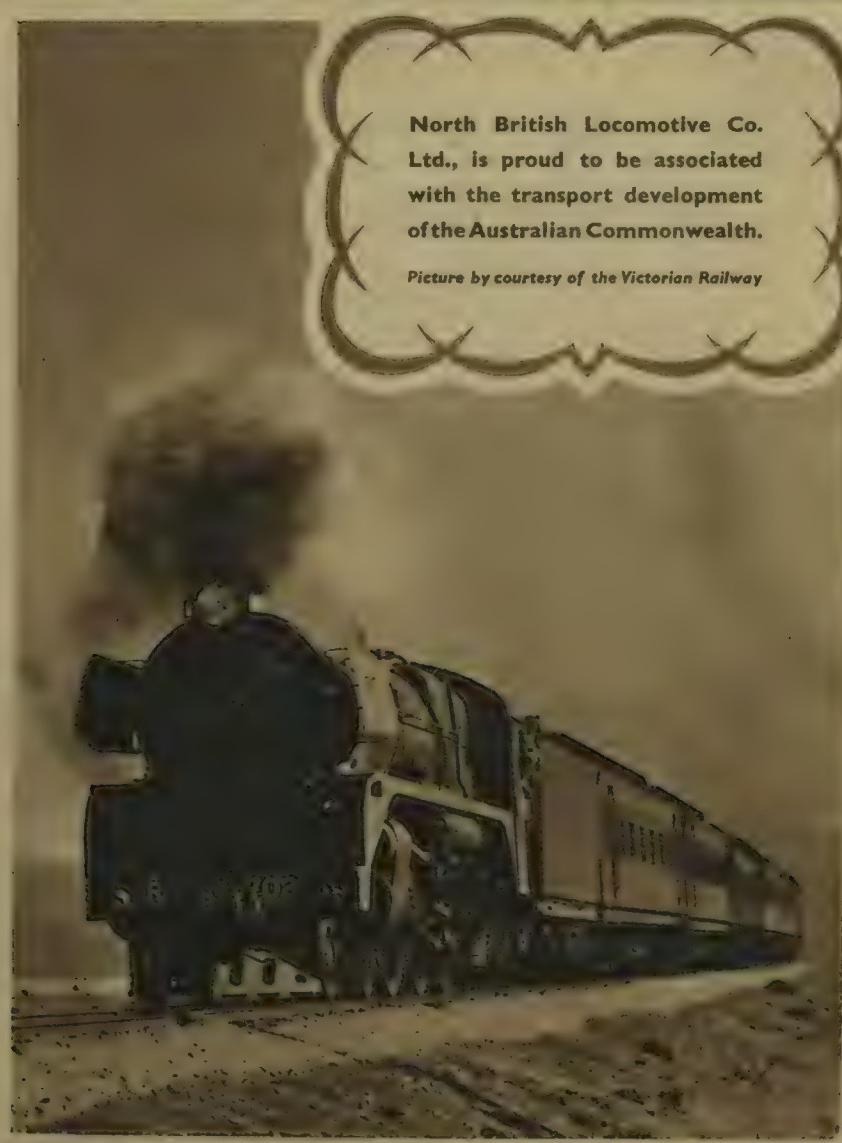
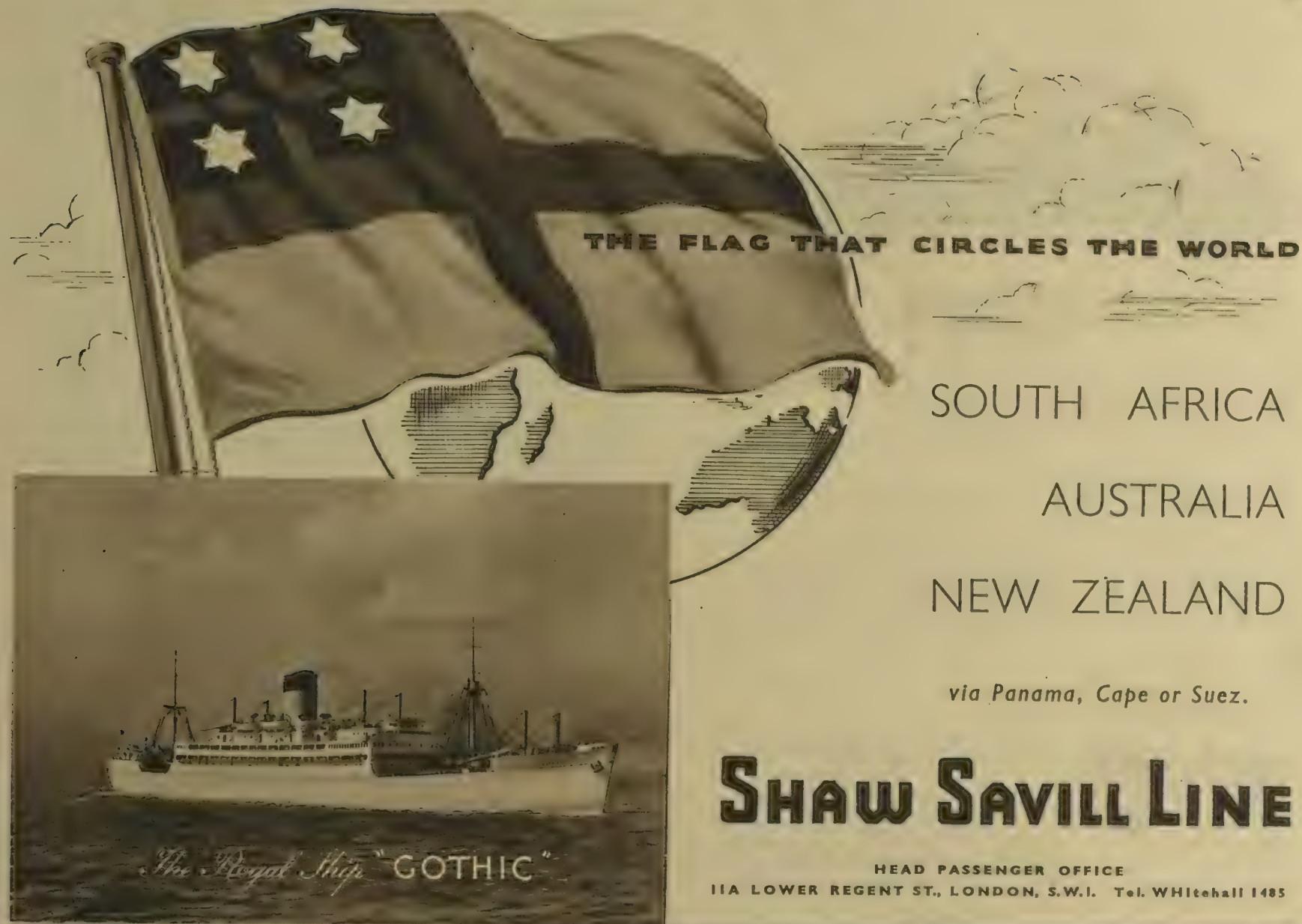


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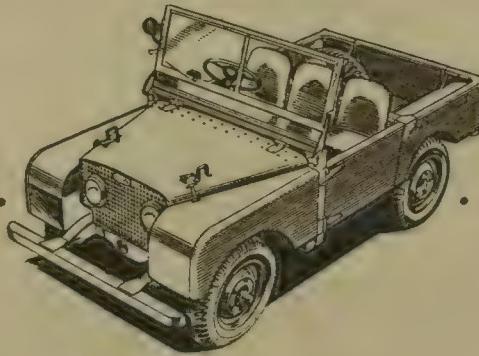


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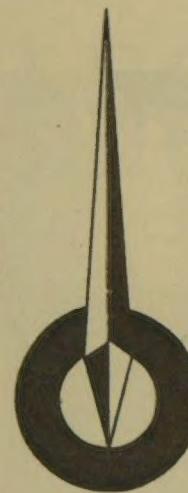
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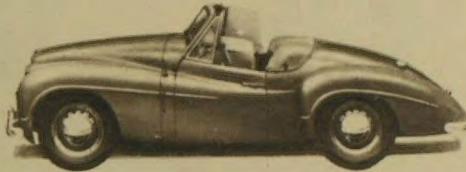
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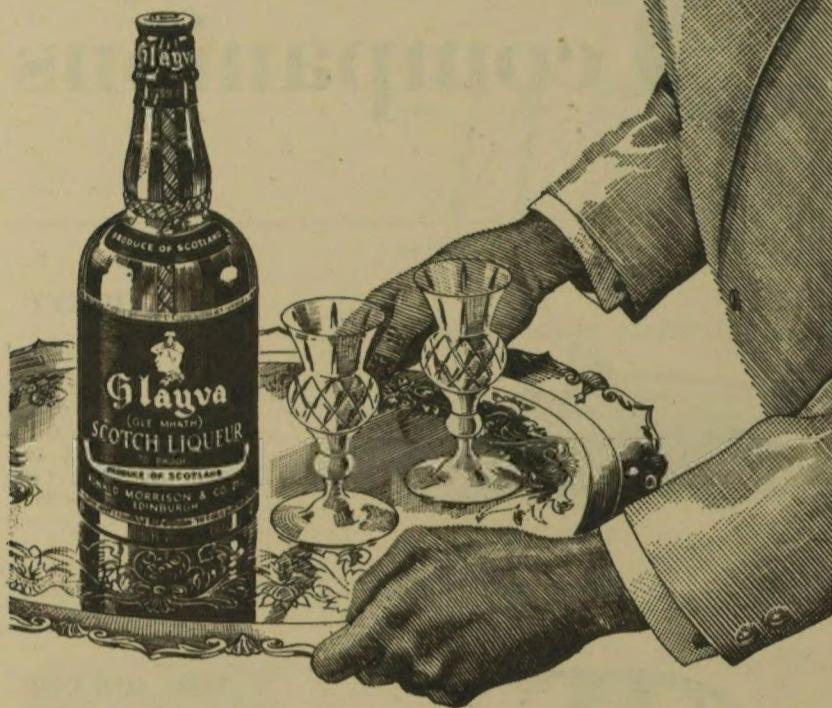
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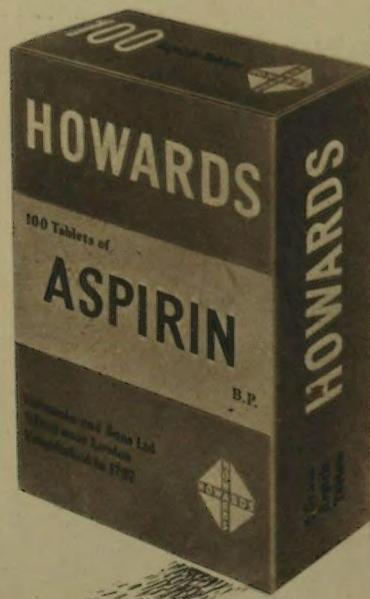


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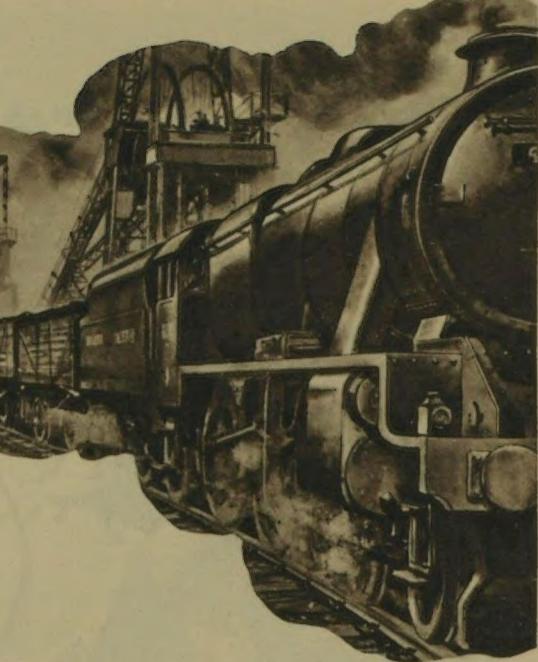


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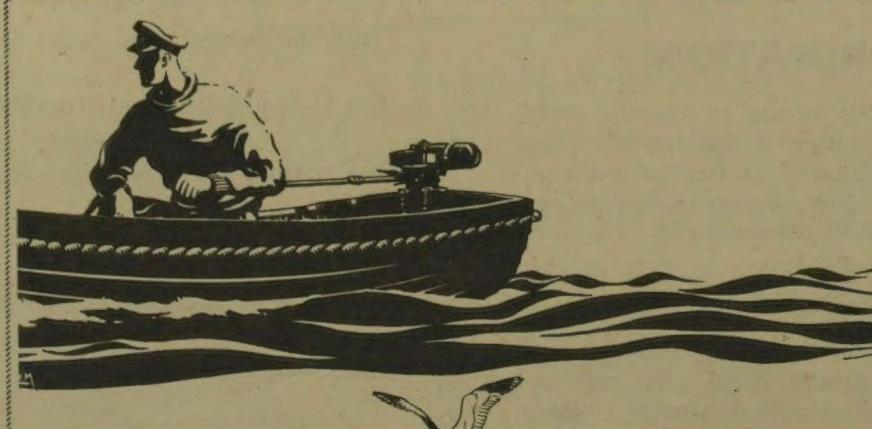
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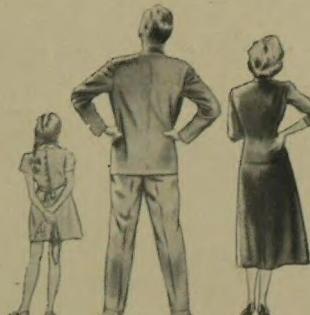


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